TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 17, No. 45 {The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props. Office—26 Adelaide Street West.} TORONTO, CANADA, SEPT. 17, 1904. TERMS: {Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum [in advance], $2.} Whole No. 877

Archives Branch 1920 Dept of Agriculture

Things in General

THE failure of the Builders' Laborers' strike may serve to teach the wage-workers the folly of carrying a campaign too far. Up to a certain point public sympathy is with the men who need an increase of pay as living grows dearer, as it invariably does when times are prosperous. Hard times are produced by a general feeling that things have gone too far, a general resolve to reduce expenses, a consequent decrease of expenditure, and as a result the tying up of stocks of merchandise and money. Nothing brings conviction to the public mind that things have gone too far more than persistent and uncalled-for labor troubles, and it can then be safely said that strikes are a great factor in producing bad times. If people did not lose their heads during a period of prosperity, both in their expenditures and in their demands for pay, a better average would be maintained and there would be no extremely good times and no extremely hard times. The world is so large and transportation facilities so great that nowadays the favorable crops in one portion of the world should largely offset, and do offset, the failure of crops in other sections. If rain does not fall in one part of the globe it does in the antipodes; winter in the southern hemisphere is summer in the north, and with rapid communication we here in Canada can eat tropical fruits the year round—they are not always in the same degree of plenty, but some tropical or semi-tropical fruits can be had always. The distribution of other materials has made the same advance, and good and hard times are largely imaginary as located in cycles succeeding one another without any apparent reason. Local lean years follow the fat ones, but local prudence and the frugality of those who save and prepare themselves for the ups and downs of the harvest should make things run without any perceptible jolt. Without doubt the people of the United States and Canada have been living at altogether too fast a rate. The condition of things can fairly be described as swift. Nobody seems to know how to ask enough for what they produce, and as money has been plentiful the price demanded has been paid. Things are changing. The firm stand of the Builders' Exchange, the failure of the laborers' strike, is only an indication that in many things commercial all of us have been overdoing it. The strike was a foolish one, but no one should gloat over its failure, for in some respect nearly everybody has gone on a foolish strike in this spell of swiftness, and no one will feel happy to have his neighbor lean over the fence and sneeringly say, "I told you so, and you shouldn't have done it."

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WITH the gathering in of the harvest comes the crop of propositions asking more money for almost everything the city deems important—half a million for the fire brigade; a quarter of a million for permanent Exhibition buildings; a quarter of a million for a breakwater and Esplanade Park from the city to the Humber; a large sum for a rowing course at the Island, etc., and more money for Commissioner Fleming—more money, in fact, for everybody and everything. With exceedingly good sense the directors of the Exhibition have quieted the report of their demand as unofficial, for while the city appreciates the Exhibition and feels grateful to those who have made it what it is, a big investment in buildings at the present time is out of the question; in the future, as in the past, the Exhibition will have to grow by degrees. The lake shore front needs fixing, but the first investment should be in matured and carefully prepared plans, the obtaining of small properties, and the prevention of any undertaking that will make the whole enterprise more difficult. There is no reason why this improvement should not proceed slowly, nor is there any reason why it should not be begun. The rowing course at the Island is purely an amusement enterprise, and while it may pay, there is much to be done to the Island before it or any work upon it is safe from the ravages of storms. Complete plans might be prepared, tenders obtained for the water and swamp lots that would be reclaimed, and the thing put in a workable shape so that the scheme would go from one Council to another intact.

The absolute necessity of a reorganization of the fire brigade and the purchase of proper appliances is admitted by all. No amount of appliances will avail until the brigade is properly manned and officered. The whole scheme of protecting the city from fire and the exorbitant demands of the underwriters should be put on paper, every detail worked out, all possible criticism invited, and every detail made a finality, without the loss of a moment or the sparing of a necessary dollar. It will be hard on the men who have grown unfit for the service, either by reason of age or a lack of systematic exercise, to have to be retired, and as they have lived hazardous lives every effort should be made to protect them from poverty. The pension system is a dangerous experiment unless carried to its logical conclusion, but if new engines are obtained and new appliances which do not need the same activity in those attending them as is required in many departments of the service, some of the older and partially unfit men might be taken care of. The suggestion that other civic jobs such as caretaking should be provided for the remainder is a good one. Even if a small amount must be given to each man dismissed as unfit it would be better so than to have the brigade under suspicion. There are many of the men who could be brought up to a proper state if properly disciplined and exercised. That this has not been done shows that the discipline is poor in that particular, and is probably poor in other particulars. Months have been lost in crude investigations and purposeless discussions. Experts from two or three other cities should be called in and some definite plan outlined at once. Toronto has too often rushed into huge expenditures on fool advice, immature plans, inaccurate estimates, and without any preparation for continuity of reformed methods.

Those who propose schemes should first of all ask for a small appropriation for the preparation and completion of plans and estimates and everything necessary to the completion of the work. Toronto has shown itself liberal—over-liberal, but never over-wise. That things have been started with a prospect of a small cost and resulted in huge expenditure has, or should have, taught people to be wary, and the property-holder at least has become suspicious, yet the city itself has not grown stingy, though it is absolutely sick of all crudities in schemes which may develop into something of a wildcat variety.

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THE tendency of the people of Corsica, Sicily and Southern Italy to feuds and vendettas is still observable in a mild way among the Italian citizens of Toronto. Having special reasons for thinking kindly of Italians and resenting the prejudice which is so frequently expressed against them, I have more than once called attention to the fact that they are as frugal and law-abiding as any other section of our population, and much preferable to several other classes of the community. If some of them are annoying with their push-carts it is because the hawkers of this city are not properly regulated. Any section of the population individuals of which soon become property-owners and assimilate readily with other people of their own class, should not be regarded as a dangerous element. Nevertheless, it is well known amongst those acquainted with local Italians in the Ward that they pretty generally belong to two sets, one of which has a benevolent society called the Victor Emmanuel, brought into existence by Mr. Michael Basso, and the other the Society of Umberto Primo, of which Mr. Francisco Glionna, an hotelkeeper, was the moving spirit. Probably the Umberto Primo is the more prosperous faction of the two, as Glionna is in favor with the local Government and has a certain pull which the Italian, like every other citizen, is not slow to cultivate. Mr. Basso, who has done good service to his fellow-countrymen in Canada, in one instance within my recollection having at his own expense saved an innocent compatriot from being hanged in Cornwall some fifteen years ago for want of attention and assistance while confined in a jail, is aggressive and independent, being not only a Protestant but an Orangeman, and takes no pains to conceal his contempt for the devices by which the padrone system is worked in this country on newly arrived Italians unable to speak English. Understanding these details, the recent demand of a small meeting of Italians under the auspices of the Umberto Primo Society, which stoutly denied all knowledge of any such thing as the Black Hand in Toronto, denouncing Michael Basso for having admitted that possibly it and other dangerous societies may have ramifications in this city, and asking for his removal from the position of Police Court interpreter, may be accepted as amounting to nothing serious. There is probably little or no ill-feeling between the members of the two societies individually, but it can be pretty readily understood that Basso and Glionna are by no means on friendly terms. Nor does it follow that Mr. Basso is not quite correct in thinking that among the many Sicilians and Neapolitans resident here some of them are, or were, affiliated with societies of a base Italian type, which, however, do not thrive in a law-abiding country. Probably no considerable Italian community in America is free from this sort of thing, and it would be a bold man who would say that even the dreaded Mafia has no silent member or members or secret agent even amongst the generally inoffensive toilers of the "Ward."

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A NEWSPAPER paragraph states that "Pope Pius X., who is known to have appreciated the power of the press when, as Patriarch in Venice, he was fighting the Liberal municipal administration, received not long ago a Roman Catholic journalist in audience. In course of conversation the Pontiff took a pen from the hand of his visitor, blessed it, and gave it back with the following words, 'Nowadays there is no more exalted mission in the world than that of a journalist. I bless the symbol of your profession. My predecessors pronounced their blessings on the swords and weapons of Christian warriors. I count myself happy to invoke heaven's blessing upon the pen of a Catholic journalist.'" If this recital is correct it proves that His Holiness, whose piety no one the world over has attempted to impeach, is thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of making Roman Catholicism a political force even in municipal matters. From his standpoint he did well to bless the pen devoted to Roman Catholicism first and always, regarding citizenship as a secondary affair. It seems to me that the pen devoted to the cause of good citizenship and undivided patriotism, even though it may fall into error and is sometimes clogged by the self-interest from which no man can entirely free himself, is more worthy of being blessed than that which is worked only for the benefit of a class and for the retention of limitations which hamper free progressive institutions. That the pen that can be blessed by His Holiness is powerful as well as embarrassing is clearly shown by the institutions of our own country. That those who use it make it profitable, finds ample evidence in our own press.

THE "PURSER" OF MINNIE M.

The Government and Vice—not a flirtation, but a partnership.

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THE curt reply made by the United States to the Japanese officials who called the attention of Washington to the presence in San Francisco of the Russian cruiser "Lena" is snignificant of the present state of feeling in the U. S. Department of State. Uncle Sam does not adhere to the courtesies of diplomatic intercourse any too strictly, but it was entirely unnecessary to practically tell Japan that the United States knew its business and would treat the "Lena" with strict neutrality, no matter what Japan or Russia might say in the matter. As a matter of fact, it has dawned on the United States that a war with Japan is not only possible but probable. A gentleman well informed in matters diplomatic told me immediately before the "Lena" incident occurred that Washington was secretly convinced that Japan's success would mean an attempt to obtain possession of the Philippines. A recent article in the London "Spectator" and cabled to the "Globe" hinted strongly in the same direction. The conduct of the United States in the "Lena" incident is still stronger corroboration. There is really no reason why the United States should not make some arrangement with Japan for possession of the Philippines, for Japan could govern them, and everyone is convinced that the United States cannot. The Japanese are disliked in the United States almost to the same extent as are the Chinese, but the exclusion of the citizens of triumphant Japan will be a vastly different proposition from the exclusion of the Chinese. The embarrassment of Asiatic possessions is only beginning to be felt by the United States, though every effort is being made by the Administration of the Republican party to keep the true state of affairs from the public until after the Presidential elections.

Australia, too, is filled with fear lest it be overrun by the Japanese. France and Germany are anxious about their ports and possessions in China. Russia is busily fomenting these anxieties, and it looks very much as if preparations were being made to rob Japan of the fruits of her victory if she wins. This was done when she whipped China, but if it had been left undone the present war would not have taken place. Nations no more than individuals can afford to be unjust, and victorious Japan if again robbed by the European powers, instead of being the friend of the white man would be his most implacable foe. Under such circumstances Japan and China would doubtless join against the world and there would indeed be a "yellow peril."

Two things are still doubtful: whether Japan will win; and if she wins and obtains sufficient territory to accommodate the expansion of her population, whether any white man's country will be endangered. The more Russia retreats to a northerly basis of operations the nearer she gets to where she naturally belongs, and the harder it will become to dislodge her. As the time becomes extended Russia's opportunities to replace her fleet become greater, and the war may continue for years. Until Japan possesses Harbin, which is the junction of the railroads stretching to Vladivostock on one hand and Port Arthur on the other, she will have an enormous country to police; and though the capture of Harbin may not be far off, its retention may be a very difficult matter. There are so many difficulties in the way that it would seem premature for anyone to jump to conclusions. Yet without doubt the United States has jumped to a conclusion and is already beginning to show a change of attitude towards Japan.

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LONDON "Truth" publishes a warning to colonial bachelors against a fake advertisement appearing in colonial papers, in which the advertiser offers to supply anyone with a first-class, "good" and intelligent girl who will be willing to become his wife. Incidentally it may be mentioned that there is a fee of five dollars which goes to the broker who works the game before negotiations are carried very far. Of course anyone who puts up the money never sees it again—and the bride fails to put in an appearance. One would scarcely think it necessary for "Truth" to publish a warning. I don't believe Canadian bachelors are dubs enough to be taken in by any such palpable attempt at fraud. Most bachelors find sufficient excitement in the chances furnished in choosing wives at close range without taking a flyer in the "sudden death" game played at great distances by correspondence.

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Unclean, Unclothed, Unashamed!

THIS is the attitude of the leaders of public opinion; preparations are being made for general provincial and federal elections. For months the press has been predicting, and the politicians preparing for, the fray. An astrologer is not needed to read the political stars which indicate the nearness of the battle of blather and boodle. Spies have been sent out, preliminary surveys made of the "situation," advantageous "positions" on great financial, moral and patriotic questions chosen without regard to anything but victory, generals, majors and candidates selected, baggage wagons loaded with financial "ammunition" looted from the farms, villages and cities by the tax-gatherer and divided up by the contractors, and one can almost hear the steady and orderly tramp of the hundreds of thousands of damphool voters marching to the polls, some eagerly, some sullenly, some greedily waiting for the plunder, all careless that the wounded and helpless heeler will be left to die or straggle back home without any help, pity or Red Cross foolishness from the politicians.

These are not the only signs of the coming conflict. The press has become cautious; the "war" correspondents supposed to tell the people how things are being done have become cunning, repeating little but the lies the generals give out for electoral consumption and concealing everything likely to injure the "cause." The chaplains, too, are busy shriving the voters in advance and arranging easy access to the commissariat. Even the cable news is censored lest offence be given, or why, for instance, was the following Canadian Associated Press cablegram of last week kept out of the party papers, or so concealed as to be unnoticed, and commented upon by none of them, not even as an impertinence:

> "In the 'English Churchman,' Walter Walsh, the author of 'A Secret History of the Oxford Movement,' says: 'The appointment of Earl Grey is not, I venture to suggest, likely to strengthen the Protestant interest in Canada. His action in the House of Lords in regard to the King's Protestant declaration was not calculated to inspire confidence.'"

If, as Mr. Walsh, says, "the appointment of Earl Grey is not likely to strengthen the Protestant interest in Canada," it will be hailed with delight by time-serving governments and those who will call the "Churchman" bigoted for permitting the expression of such a narrow-minded criticism in its columns. Mr. Walsh is probably unaware that there is no strenuous Protestantism in this country and that it is considered broad-minded in Canada to permit a retrogressive and arrogant hierarchy to do as it pleases so long as it moves the vote it controls on the checkerboard of politics so as not to antagonize anything but a powerless Opposition. I shall be surprised if the Canadian Associated Press correspondent, whose work has much improved recently, does not have it intimated to him that he is a firebrand and that it is not his business to cable such bigoted stuff to the Canadian papers on the eve of an election. It is an interesting item and not at all dangerous, for the two political parties could not push their faces further into the mud in an attempt to do honor to the bishops; and the so-called Protestant organizations, churches included, have fallen into a stupor undisturbed by dreams or recollections of what once made the Coronation Oath an absolute necessity even in over-tolerant England. But this is a time of political war, and war, as General Sherman said, is "hell."

Again, eager as the Tories are to make capital out of the crookedness or subserviency of the Government, not a word of comment was made by the Conservative or so-called independent press of this city—not excepting the "News"—on the announcement by the Ontario Government that the teaching status of the Christian Brothers is to remain as Mr. Justice MacMahon's judgment fixed it—that they have no legal status at all—unless that judgment be appealed or reversed. According to the authoritative statement appearing in the press, an appeal would be accepted as sufficient ground for postponing the operation of the injunction, and the Government would raise no objection to the engagement of the Christian Brothers—whom a Government Commission found incompetent—pending a final decision. In its indecent anxiety to avoid embarrassing or antagonizing the Hierarchy, the Government suggests that "a temporary certificate might be granted by the inspectors if objections are raised to their (the Christian Brothers') qualifications locally." Two weeks ago I was alone in pointing out how district certificates, permits, etc., were lowering the standard of the teaching profession and crowding the schools with unqualified teachers; every editor in the province knew as well as I did the harm that was being done, but in view of their silence I do not wonder that the Government seems to invite school inspectors to ignore the standard fixed by the Education Department and to join in the poor, mean attempt to gain votes by sacrificing their self-respect and debasing their office.

The next paragraph of the announcement seems a still more abject and pitiful plea for an appeal to a higher court: "The Government will bear the costs of both sides if an appeal is made from Mr. Justice MacMahon's judgment, as the point involved is an important constitutional one." The great majority of people in this province who know anything about the question, or have even read the clause which was interpreted, are of the opinion that there can be no other reading of the Act, and that the Government in a hitherto successful effort to hold the Catholic vote has been disregarding its own regulations forbidding any portion of the legislative grant being paid to schools in which properly certificated teachers are not employed. An election is coming on and the Administration would like to be able to say that the statutes they have been disregarding were so vague that Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision amounts to little, as it is being appealed. Moreover, this sort of thing apparently leaves them something that they can trade off for votes without being caught in the act of actually cancelling all the restraints which it was presumed the B. N. A. Act provided.

The next clause in the statement is a declaration that the Education Department has hitherto read the Act as meaning exactly what the Hierarchy still insists that it means. It is certainly an edifying spectacle to see a government after disregarding its own statute for nearly forty years—never even seeking to interpret it or have it interpreted—using every possible effort to gain time and votes by ENDEAVORING TO PROVE what all non-Catholics—over 83 per cent. of the population of the province—and all progressive Catholics DO NOT DESIRE TO HAVE PROVED, and which Mr. Justice MacMahon, himself a Catholic, believes cannot be proved. If pusillanimous pandering can go further the Government is evidently prepared to leap the gap, loop the loop, or kiss the foot that kicks it!

And what about Whitney and his Opposition, the successors of Meredith and the men who fought and failed to keep the Hierarchy from further encroachments on the Public school system? Even the Grit politicians lamented then that Separate schools had been made a permanency at Confederation and would remedy the mistake if they could, but "of course they couldn't revise the B. N. A. Act." The B. N. A. Act has been interpreted by the courts at the instance of a Catholic schoolteacher, and yet the Government is willing to pay the whole shot to have the restraining decision appealed. NOBODY BUT THE HIERARCHY WANTS THE APPEAL. Non-Catholics do not want it! Ninety-nine per cent. of the Catholic laity do not want it! It forces the raising of the teaching standard in the Separate schools, which, if they opened their hearts, ninety per cent. of the Catholics would be glad to see closed. The Government and the Protestants of this province are doing their best to keep the heel of the Hierarchy on the necks of their people.

The Conservative Association met after the Ross Government made its announcement, but not a word was said about it. Gamey was endorsed though he had sold himself and wouldn't stay bought; petty issues were discussed and a policy adopted, but this great issue was untouched. As Marter falsely claimed after he succeeded Meredith as Opposition leader, with the Tories domination by the Hierarchy was only a cry, a farce, a fraud. Whitney, too, by his silence, admits it. What do the Protestant preachers think of this? What do the Orangemen think of it? what have they said of it? Did our forefathers get their civil liberties in spite of religion—or what passes with our pastors and politicians as religion—as many now aver, and must we maintain them in spite of it? The papers were all silent in this matter except the "Globe," which in an editorial paragraph endorsed it. Isn't it enough to make George Brown turn over in his grave!

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UNCLEAN, unclothed, unashamed, the Politicians, the Pulpit and the Press, primp, pretend or pray as they think suits their style, supposedly secure in the secrecy of their silence. The Pulpit and the Press are scandalized by the conduct of Politicians who are not their friends. The Pulpit is inexpressibly pained, in its smug and general way, at the low tone of the Press and the corrupt conduct of the Politicians. Politics and the Press gaze at one another, look piously repentant, slowly close an eye, nudge one another in the ribs, and burst into a loud laugh to see the Pulpit stowing away its share of the graft in the shape of exemptions from taxation, promises of the prohibition of alcohol and cigarettes, legislation to prevent soda-water being sold on Sunday, and such other mockeries as are necessary to gag what should be the greatest power in the land. It is when the Politicians, the Pulpit and the Press meet the Hierarchy, with its aggressive and insolent but perfect organization, that they take their tongues out of their cheeks, hurriedly step aside, naked, dirty, and seemingly unconscious of their degradation, to let the greatest grafter of them all pass by with its retinue of votes.

A man named Brown was unseated in North Perth for having through an agent bought a vote. The Tory Press howled with delight; the Grits apologized for the folly of the agent and exonerated Brown. The Government does not press the other hundred and twenty-nine charges, though they contained almost every known offence against decent citizenship, and many of them may have been false, as is so much else in politics. The makers of the election law, Grits and Tories, know how it is themselves; they have bribed and been bribed; have bought votes and sold their own, sometimes for cash, sometimes for legislation—it is the usual thing. Every year, almost in every constituency, the same saw-offs, the same al-

legations, the same exposures, the same dirt and degradation, yet no one gets excited or cares a cuss. The Press and Politicians are sympathetic when their ox gores another, furious when the "horn of righteousness" pins their own beast to the barn, and the Pulpit is silent lest partizan adherents may be offended or "pious" legislation denied. Of the election trials now in progress at the "Soo" and in North Grey, nothing specific can be said without technically being in contempt of court, but the revelations show that the "limit" has been reached and passed, and afford ample justification for the title of this article and the allegory suggested in the cartoon.

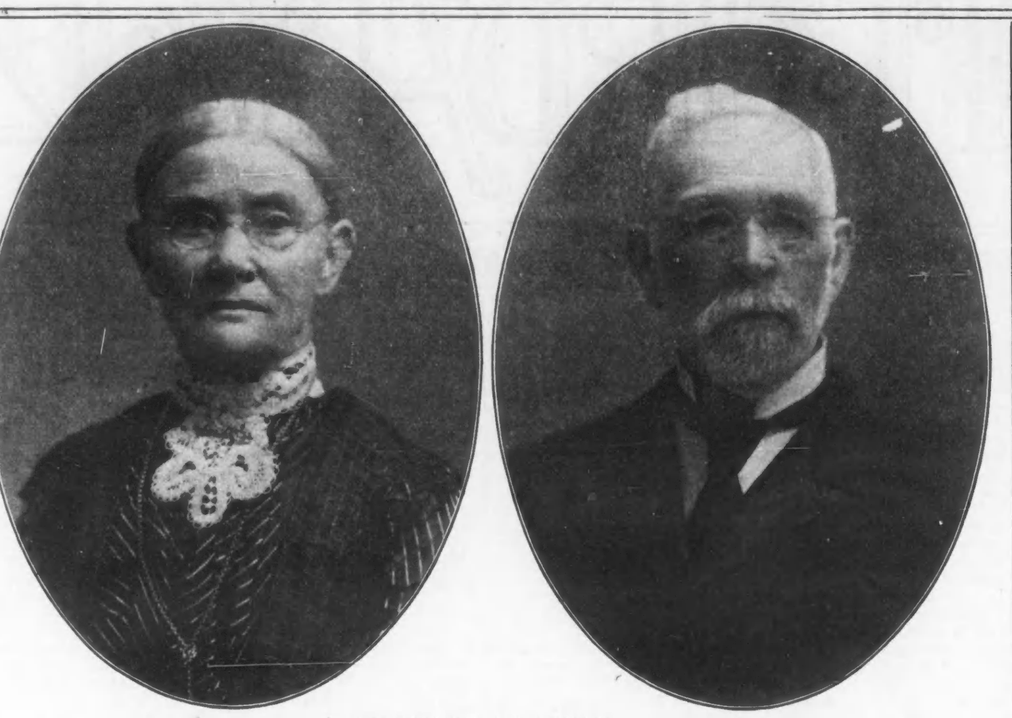
Corporations and contractors contribute funds for campaign purposes that they may swindle the people, whose franchises they hold, or swindle the Government, whose contracts they undertake. Parliament claims that it cannot interfere if people's representatives sign foolish or incomplete agreements, "contracts" are sacred—except made with or by the Government, when they are intended to be violated by favorites, the "extras" divided, that more votes may be bought, control retained, and the people further oppressed. No one is louder in his proclamation that "contracts are sacred" than Attorney-General Gibson, who has perhaps "permitted" to pass more laws outrageously favoring corporations than any other man in Ontario, and has been slower than any other to modify them, yet as president of the Cataract Power Company, including the Hamilton Street Railway Company, he sits unmoved and unsympathetic when it is proposed to disregard the clause allowing the "vested" rights which the people of Hamilton have enjoyed for years, of purchasing children's and workingmen's tickets on the cars, presumed to be a part of the contract by both parties to it, and is no longer impressed by the rights created by "usage." The "World" is excited over this episode, as public ownership is its specialty. The "Globe" is particularly soothing and apologetic, as Apologetics is its editor's specialty. The Press not locally interested is silent; the Pulpit is liberal in its views of hell, even of a temporal kind for crooked Politicians and oppressive corporations. Politicians will not interfere, for votes and campaign funds depend upon their zeal in the protection of corporations. The people, dependent not only for laws but for proper contracts with corporations, are at the mercy of the lawyers, the cleverest of whom are counsel for the oppressors, who, if they cannot gain in the courts, can have the laws fixed by their servants in the Legislature, who perjure themselves when they take their oath of office and then serve the taskmasters of those who placed them in power. The Pulpit is silent on this subject. The robbers sit in the pews and often pass the plates, for how, indeed, could the Church live if it were not for the Devil?—it would be lacking in its main subject and its most powerful contributor.

When I say the Pulpit and the Press are silent on a subject I do not mean that sporadic outbreaks do not occur, but as they are local and infrequent they are ineffectual. Good citizenship is not the topic which engrosses the attention of the Press or Pulpit; smart politics and smart business, good tactics and good circulation, good attendance and good collections, absorb the interest of the divines and newspaper directors. Silence is an effectual weapon to conceal either one's own guilt or the guilt of others. The fierce light of the Press beats not on the Pulpit's one-sided view of citizenship; the Pulpit does not complain of the sometimes sinister conduct of the Press, though it occasionally whines for more religious news, more advertising of its "religious excursions," as instanced by the recent complaint when one not of the cloth, but voicing local clerical opinion, pointed out that a junketing tour to the Holy Land and Mars Hill received too little attention, yet at the same meeting those making complaint confessed themselves too stingy to spend the $5,000 needed for advertising purposes, apparently having hoped to get it for nothing from the newspapers. Failure of the occupants of pulpits to do their duty with regard to citizenship is not criticized by the Press, nor are swindling advertisements in the press, swindling contracts permitted by the Government, swindling politics which debauch constituencies and pollute the public mind, when ignored or defended by the newspapers, denounced, together with the newspapers, without the aid of which the accepted existence of such things would be impossible.

What the Pulpit seems to desire of the Press is more "religious news," given by irreligious papers, to tickle the vanity and stimulate the business of the Church; what the Press seems to most greatly desire of the Pulpit is more sensationalism, to tickle the fancy of readers jaded with news of murders, abductions, seductions, elopements, burglaries, embezzlements, breaches of trust, breaking banks, fallen women, baseball, prize fights, hangings, election trials, train robberies, the spilling of blood and the wasting of treasure, and all other such things as the Press contributes to the completion of the education of the Sunday school scholar. All these things are readily condoned, no matter what shape they take, so long as a little religious news is given and the editorial head is uncovered with becoming reverence and the editorial voice is attuned to a proper whang when things theological are under discussion.

This endless chain of mutual self-seeking, the stifling and strangulation by this conspiracy of silence which neither dare disturb lest in offended rage each may expose the sickening sores of the other, must be broken before political corruption can be reached. If the voice of the Press sounding every day, morning, noon and night, does not work for good citizenship, and the voice that comes from the Pulpit and from the clerics on the platform fails to appeal to men to be at least good citizens if not good Christians—though there seems to me little difference in the meaning of the terms—what can we hope from the masses who are led by voices and follow men so much more readily than they heed the best that is in themselves or adhere to the everyday principles once taught them by law-abiding and decent parents? If the legislatures, the newspapers and the churches were closed for a year and these at present misleading influences dispensed with, the people would have some chance to find a new foundation upon which to build, some better method to follow; tribal instincts would bring them together, natural methods would replace artificial fripperies, and while in some respects the world might grow worse, in many respects it would begin to be much better.

Old civilizations had to be overrun by barbarians before they could begin anew; we are producing the barbarians ourselves, and the country is being overrun by the Goths and Vandals of commercial and political outlawry. Though drinking and drunkenness are greatly on the decrease, spasmodic temperance movements satisfy the churches that they are doing all that can be done to reform society. The drunken rogue is less dangerous than the sober one; the debauchee kills himself, and while he may be a nuisance to those near him he is not a hundredth part as dangerous as those who debauch public opinion, either by their silence or acquiescence, while civil rights or public decency are being outraged. Admittedly the mad race for wealth leaves people out of breath for all conversation except with regard to getting money and spending it. Yet being rich is only a matter of comparison; and though each may get more under present conditions, the competition is so universal that amongst private individuals the relation of rich and poor has remained fairly unchanged, and the only ones profiting by the mad scramble and general demoralization are those controlling the corporations. The whole business is so profitless, so shameless, so degrading, that doubtless it will work its own cure. But if we all wait till the mad, cruel rush ends in riot, revolution and exhaustion, we will all be fellow conspirators in the bringing about of anarchy, both political, social and commercial. If I appear to have been too sweeping, rude and denunciatory in an attempt to put the case, strongly, it is not that I by any means feel or profess to be any better than the rest, but am impressed that, having an audience of many thousands of intelligent and independent people every week, I have more than the responsibility of those who, having no particular means of obtaining a public hearing, on reading what I have written may perhaps say, "What with his ideas on religion and his attacks of rheumatism, Don is getting more violent and pessimistic every day."



MR. AND MRS. JOHN WOLFE.

On Monday, the 12th instant, at 45 Gloucester street, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Wolfe, children, grandchildren and a great-grandchild gathered to celebrate the golden wedding of their parents. They were all present, Mrs. J. B. McColl of 576 Jarvis street, Mrs. Reginald Case, Mr. Jack Wolfe of this city, Mr. Joe Wolfe and Mrs. Jack Cowan of Seattle, Wash., and Mr. Fred Wolfe of Petrolea. Mr. John Wolfe was born near Cork, Ireland, in 1826, came to this country in his youth, married Miss Sophia Bedington (born in Montreal in 1834), September 12, 1854, in Kemptville, of which place Mr. Wolfe was for nine years reeve, during a portion of which period he was warden of the Counties of Leeds and Grenville. They afterwards moved to London, where Mr. Wolfe was in business as an oil refiner, until he became manager of the London Furniture Company. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe, who are living in quiet ease as becomes their years, are a sprightly and highly esteemed old couple, in good health and spirits, and, as their portraits, taken a couple of weeks ago, indicate, they do not look their age. Their golden wedding was a quiet affair, but they were not forgotten by their children and their friends.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Mr. William Hector Lamont, eldest son of Mr. Hector Lamont of Sherbourne street, and Miss Florence Louise Cosbie, daughter of Mr. R. H. Cosbie of Rose avenue, was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon in St. Peter's Church, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, assisted by Rev. Laurence Skey, rector of St. Anne's Church and formerly assistant minister of St. Peter's, performing the ceremony. Both bride and groom are members of St. Peter's congregation, and two more justly esteemed and admirable young people do not exist. Miss Cosbie was one of the prettiest debutantes of two seasons ago, and never looked more lovable and charming than in her bridal gown, especially brought across the sea for her, a beautiful creation of satin veiled in white embroidered chiffon, the design being of Scotch thistles done in opalescent beads, and the guimpe and angel sleeves of chiffon. A tulle veil and a little crown of orange blossoms were arranged on her pretty head, and her bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley. A matron of honor, Mrs. Reginald McIntosh; two bridesmaids, Miss Wrong of Detroit, cousin of the bride, and Miss Hunt of Rochester; a maid of honor, Miss Lamont, sister of the groom, with a small flower-girl, Miss Dottie Nicholls of Chatham, cousin of the groom, completed the group who attended the bride. Mr. Harry Love was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Harry Carter, Mr. Irving Ardagh, Mr. Frank Blachford, Mr. S. Trees and Mr. George Lamont, brother of the groom. The color note of this wedding was yellow, the maid of honor wearing buttercup crepe de Chine and the white velvet hats of the bridesmaids being puffed with yellow crepe and trimmed with white plumes. Little Miss Nicholls, who is a charming child with very beautiful brown hair in long soft curls, carried a huge basket of nasturtiums and was frocked in white soie d'Inde; she was most serious and composed and fully realized her duties. The church was prettily decorated for the service, and the venerable clergyman, who has known the bride since babyhood, gave her a paternal salute as he wished her joy. A solo was sung while the bride and groom signed the register, and the bridal party and guests drove to the home of the bride's parents in Rose avenue, which was beautifully decorated and resounding with music to welcome them. Mr. and Mrs. Cosbie and Mr. and Mrs. Lamont received in the drawing-room, where the mantel was banked with white asters and pink roses, and flowers and palms were in abundance, and afterwards adjourned to the dining-room, where the dejeuner was served, the orchestra playing softly on an upper landing. Mrs. Cosbie (mere) wore a smart bisque crepe costume touched with pale blue, a blue toque with white osprey, and her bouquet was of pale yellow roses. The wedding gifts were very beautiful, quantities of cut glass being prominent. Mrs. Lamont, mother of the groom, wore black lace and white and black toque. Mrs. I. L. Nicholls of Chatham wore a handsome black gown with guimpe of white lace over silk and white chiffon hat. Mr. and Mrs. G. Duncan Lamont were among the guests, the latter wearing one of her pretty trousseau dresses; also Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Baker, the Misses McIntosh, Mrs. Hunt of Rochester, who wore a stunning gown of grey crepe with picture hat of grey feathers and some fine diamonds; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith. Mr. Cosbie gave his daughter a splendid set of sable and a purse of gold on leaving for her wedding journey. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont will reside with Mr. and Mrs. Cosbie during the season.

Wednesday afternoon was a time of orange blossoms, despite the grey skies and threatened rain, for in various quarters of the city brides were being arrayed for the momentous hour of their lives. St. George street, Toronto's fashionable boulevard, whence have come so many beautiful brides, contributed a remarkably lovely one on Wednesday, when Miss Gladys May Buchanan, second daughter of Mr. J. O. Buchanan, was wedded to Mr. Norman Seagram, third son of Mr. Joseph Seagram of Waterloo. The marriage took place in St. James' Cathedral, the groom's uncle, Canon Bland of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, and Rev. Derwyn Owen performing the ceremony. A very large gathering of relatives and friends witnessed the bridal, only invited guests being admitted by ticket to the cathedral. The chancel was illuminated, but the stately old church was dim, and when the bridal procession passed up the aisle it was not until it reached the mellow radiance of the chancel that one realized what a bouquet of beauty were the bride and her attendants. Miss Buchanan's bridal gown was of the richest cream white satin, with lustrous pearls strewn along the hem of the full train, and a veil of soft lace-encrusted net dropping from a little crown of orange blossoms. Lace of rare and exquisite beauty fell in a bertha about her slim shoulders and veiled her arms, and a guimpe of tucked chiffon finished the charming gown. A large bouquet of lily of the valley, with showers of bloom falling to her feet, was carried by the bride. The bride's procession was led by the four ushers, her brother, Mr. Roy Buchanan, the groom's brother, Mr. Joseph Seagram, Dr. Hardy, and Mr. Reginald Geary. The bridesmaids, Miss Frances Heron, Miss Gladys Jones and Miss Mollie Waldie, each most lovely in white point d'esprit over slips of satin, pale pink girdles, white beaver hats with pink tulle and roses and round bouquets of pale pink carnations and ferns, and the maid of honor, Miss Olive Buchanan, the bride's younger sister, similarly frocked but her skirts of girlish length, completed the cortege. Mr. Russell Cook of Calgary was best man. Dr. Ham played for the choral service which the vested choir sang, a boy soloist, Master Woodley, singing "O Perfect Love." After the ceremony the reception and dejeuner were attended by a great number of friends, and owing to the excellent arrangements and huge marquee on the lawn, there was no crowding. Flowers were everywhere in abundance, and the health of the bride and groom was proposed by Commodore Boswell in a capital speech, in which he remarked that Mr. Joseph Seagram's habit of coming to Toronto and capturing prizes had descended into the next generation, and that the son had gone one better than the father, a statement received with three rousing cheers. Mr. Barwick proposed the health of the bridesmaids, and his remarks were equally apropos. Seldom has a jollier wedding party assembled to witness a happy bridal. Soft strains of music floated from the south balcony, and a constant ripple of laughter and merry voices was mingled with the harmony of violin, flute and harp. Mrs. Buchanan received in a dainty grey gown and white toque. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Seagram (the mother of the groom in a black velvet costume), Mr. Eddie Seagram (whose pretty wife was unable through illness to be present), Mrs. and the Misses Bland of Hamilton, aunt and cousins of the bridegroom; Hon. William and Mrs. Hespeler of Winnipeg, Mrs. McIntosh and Miss Clay of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. C. Warnock and Mr. and Mrs. J. Warnock of Galt, Mrs. Victor Buchanan, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who wore a very handsome black gown with guimpe and trimmings of cream and rose brocade; Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell (nee Buchanan), whose wedding a few short seasons ago from the same dwelling was a gala occasion, wore lovely pale blue with plumed hat; Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie, Miss Thorburn, Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Temple, Miss Waldie, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland and their pretty daughter, Mrs. Alec Mackenzie; Mr. Mackenzie, Mrs. Hardy, looking very well in handsome black lace over white; Mr. and Mrs. Hollwey, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. Ince of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mr. Russell Baldwin, Mrs. Baldwin of Mashquoteh, Miss Morrison, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. Bogert, Mr. Victor and Miss Heron, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Captain Whitla, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Hazel Ford, Mr. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Miss Miles, Mr. and Miss Cassels, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Hagarty, were a few of those at the reception. The gifts were, even in this time of lavish gift-giving, exceptionally beautiful, a room being filled with lovely and valuable things for the plenishing of the home of the young couple, which will be near the Buchanan residence in St. George street, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan being envied by many parents in having their daughters both settled quite at hand. Mr. and Mrs. Seagram went to New York en route for Europe, the bride traveling in a suit of grey and brown tweed with brown facings and hat to match touched with nasturtium. The bridegroom presented the maid of honor and bridesmaids with pearl encrusted gold wedding bells, the pearls forming the monogram of bride and groom.

Dr. Osler, who has accepted the regius professorship of Oxford University, and it is reported will be soon honored by a special distinction from the Crown, is in town, the guest of his brother, Mr. E. B. Osler of Craigleigh. Mrs. Osler and their son will come up this week from Murray Bay to join Dr. Osler here.

The engagement of Miss Mollie Waldie of Glenhurst and Mr. R. C. H. Cassels is one of the happiest announcements of the season. Both of these young people enjoy a popularity which it is no flattery to say they well deserve.

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SOCIETY

Miss Rowand and her niece, Miss Dora Rowand, who have spent some months abroad, returned to Toronto this week. They came over on the "Parisian."

Mrs. Magann accompanied her young sons to Quebec this week, whence they returned to their school at Edgebaston, Birmingham, by the "Parisian."

Mrs. Ogilvie Watson (nee Spink) will receive on Monday at 12 Isabella street, and I understand the reception will be a farewell to her Toronto friends as well as her first since her honeymoon, as Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie Watson leave immediately for Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent of Madison avenue have spent the summer at Center Island, and, having sold their city residence to Mr. Westwood, will, I believe, build in Rosedale. Mrs. Kent and her small son are leaving this week on a visit to Mrs. Kent's relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Shore, New York.

On the register of the King Edward this week have appeared many names of smart people in town for the races, as well as distinguished visitors "en passant." The Earl of Suffolk, Sir Montague and Lady Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson of New York, Hon. David Tisdale of Simcoe are among such registrations early in the week.

Mr. Tom Plummer came out on leave from his regiment at Malta at the end of August to visit his people at Sydney, C.B. I heard that Mr. James Plummer has taken a nice house in Sydney, and Mr. Tom's Toronto friends are ready to welcome him when he comes west.

Inspector and Mrs. Cauldwell, formerly of Sherbourne street, Toronto, have left Truro and taken up their residence in New Glasgow, N.S.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod are touring in their big auto car, on which they this summer rode via Buffalo and Albany to Boston. The run was not devoid of some narrow escapes from serious accident, but was fortunately finished in safety. This little outing is only so far as the Bison City, and Miss Annie Michie is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Last week two excellent, if one-sided, polo matches took place at Sunlight Park, the Montreal team being inhospitably beaten by the home players, but very well treated otherwise, Toronto keeping up her record for hospitality and sport. The Hunt Club was the most general rendezvous, but on the off day (Friday) a luncheon and dinner were given in honor of the visitors and some others, finishing with a theater party at the Princess to see "Sulu." Mr. Alfred Beardmore was, I believe, the host of the dinner, which was held at the Toronto Club, as well as of the theater party afterwards. The two lower west loges were reserved for the men, among whom was a very welcome "home-comer," Captain Sweny, son of Colonel Sweny of Rohallion, who acted as referee for the polo players in their matches. Vis-a-vis, with this party were Mrs. Hutchins and her guest, Mrs. Theobald Coleman of Hamilton, Mr. and Miss Coleman and Mr. Bourlier, while in the stalls were many well-known social lights, enjoying the smart fun of George Ade's merciless skit upon his fellow-countrymen. Returning to the polo matches, there was a large and very stylish and enthusiastic turnout at that of Saturday, and the play was followed with keenest interest. An amusing little episode occurred during the play. A wildly-excited young man, seated behind several ladies, strangers in town, startled the latter at numerous intervals by bawling approbation of two of our star players. The girls equally startled the enthusiast by taking up the theme and shouting, "Well done, S——!" "Well done, J——!" setting their section of the grand stand into spasms of mirth, and extinguishing the ardent vocalist, in the rear. The last straw was laid upon their risibles when one of the laughing girls said suddenly, "I wonder which is S—— and which is J——?"

On Sunday afternoon Lady Kirkpatrick asked two or three friends to tea to bid good-bye to Major Rose, the officer in charge of the Black Watch Band. Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick has quite recovered from his attack of appendicitis and returned to the R. M. C. last week. His visit to Colonel Septimus Denison in Muskoka was of great benefit to Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Among the spectators at the Saturday polo match were Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Senator and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Cotton, Mr. T. Mayne Campbell, Mrs. Pepler, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Mr. and the Misses Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Major Archie Macdonell, Mr. Claude Macdonell, Miss Boultbee, Miss Enid Wornum, Miss Maude Denison, Mr. and Mrs. E. Osborne, Miss Jessie Denison, Mr. Bertram Denison, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Colonel Lessard, Captain McMillan, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. and Miss Beardmore, Colonel Sweny, Mr. and the Misses Boulton, Miss Wallbridge, Colonel Stimson, Mr. Cronyn, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Colonel and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. C. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills and Mrs. Sloane.

Major Rose was the guest of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor at dinner during his visit to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell returned from England last week.

Colonel Stimson's perfect tandem was much admired this week as he drove down town with a lovely lady, one of the smart women visiting Toronto.

Miss Beardmore has had her sister, Mrs. Fisk, on a visit at her country place for some weeks. Miss Louie Janes has been out in the country at the farm, with Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. Agar Adamson, who have been enjoying the fine air at the Credit.

Mrs. James Grace has gone to Lindsay, where she will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher are visiting their relatives, Dr. and Mrs. Alton H. Garratt, and were guests at the last dance of the summer, given at the town club-house of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Monday evening. Miss McWhirter of Woodstock was the guest of Miss Porter at this dance, and several other visitors very much enjoyed the evening.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor is busy with official duties, opening the September Fairs and such like out-of-town events. In response to enquiries from several visitors, I may say I am informed that there will not be any Thursday receptions at Government House for some weeks. The spring receptions were hospitably prolonged much later than usual; the season will not begin much before November, and due notice will be given in the papers of the first reception.

Among the guests at Rosebank, Lake of Bays, this season, were: Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Briggs and child of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. King, jr., and child, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Smart, jr., Miss Lorna Smart, Miss Emily Street, Mrs. Rosalind Miller and Miss Miller, Mrs. Jacobs and family of Toronto, Miss Eva Cohen of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. James Moffat and family of Kansas City, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moffat of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. George Tilston of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. Souter of Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Campbell of Toronto, Miss Marie Lawson of Hamilton, Miss Clark, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hartley and son, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Langtry of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Featherstonhaugh and family of Parkdale, Mr. Edgar Tweedy of Second Lake, Connecticut county, N.H.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles returned recently from a yachting visit to every harbor of Lake Ontario. They will be at home at their studio in Confederation Life building every Wednesday after October 1, from 4.30 to 9.30 o'clock.

This afternoon the Argonaut Rowing Club hold their autumn regatta and At Home. This event is of such duration that guests wishing to look in after the Ontario Jockey Club races will be in ample time for a turn on the splendid floor, if not for the aquatic events. The distribution of prizes also occurs late in the order of things.

The marriage of Dr. F. N. G. Starr of College street and Miss Annie Callender Mackay of Hillshead, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, took place from the bride's home this week.

In St. Andrew's Church, London, on September 12, Miss Evelyn Morphy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Morphy, was married to Dr. John F. Snell, professor in Cincinnati University and eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Snell of London. Rev. Dr. Ross officiated. Miss Mary Snell, sister of the groom, and Miss Susan Blackburn were bridesmaids, Miss Molly Morphy flower girl and Mr. H. Benedict of Cincinnati groomsman. The ushers were Mr. Arthur Bethune of London and Dr Ling of Columbia University, New York. Among the guests from outside points were Mrs. James Sutherland of Brantford, Dr. and Mrs. Morphy of Lachine, Montreal, Miss MacIntosh of Chicago and Mrs. Pickard of Seaforth.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moss have taken Mr. Lawrence Boyd's house in Rosedale for the winter.

Mrs. I. L. Nicholls of Chatham and her daughter have been stopping with Mrs. Hector Lamont in Sherbourne street. They were guests at the Lamont-Cosbie nuptials on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Chris Baines has purchased a residence in Cottingham street, to which she will remove at once.

Mrs. Macalister Donald of Pitlochry, Scotland, is visiting her father, Mr. H. S. Strathy, Queen's Park.

Mr. Bertram Denison, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, is visiting his uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel S. J. A. Denison, Stanley Barracks.

The marriage of Miss Ida M. Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Anderson, and Mr. Allan P. Millar of Toronto will take place on October 6.

Miss Bolster, an advanced student of heraldry, has received a prize for her screen of coats of arms and crests exhibited at the National Exhibition, Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Dawson are home from a holiday of four months abroad.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Kirkwood of the Sovereign Bank, Toronto, and Miss Victoria Henry, daughter of Dr. James Henry of Orangeville, will take place early in October.

Canon and Mrs. Welch have returned from De Grassi Point, where they spent an enjoyable vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan are to spend the winter at the St. George. Mrs. Macbeth has taken an apartment at the Alexandra.

The great popularity of electric light the world over is largely attributable to its many advantages from an hygienic standpoint. The fact that it uses up no oxygen and emits no smoke, makes it an ideal light for the home. It is being made use of in hundreds of Toronto's best houses, and now that our people are beginning to realize how cheap it is, it is coming into use in all classes of homes.

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Bifkins—Then what makes you do it?

Jifkins—I don't sleep on a full stomach. I sleep on my back.

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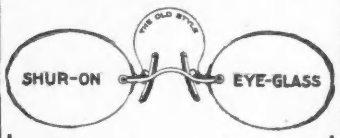

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THE CRUISE O' CUPID

From the Log of Harold Brooks, Canoeist.

By Gordon Rogers

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—XVIII.

Harold Brooks and Jimmy Carew are on their way to the racing meet of the American Canoe Association, when the latter finds a locket containing a woman's miniature. Near the village of Rome Carew rescues a girl who is clinging to an upset skiff. The man with her—Algernon Cholmondeley Potts—is an Englishman of unpleasant type, who is again upset from Jimmy's canoe, while the girl, Bessie Moore, and Jimmy enjoy his discomfort.

Against Brooks' wishes, they stay the night in Rome. During the evening Brooks puts his foot in it by making reference to the locket, the result being a quarrel between Potts and Jimmy.

The next morning early, while bathing, Potts is found searching Jimmy's pockets and who, after knocking Brooks down, takes to his heels, with Jimmy in hot pursuit.

Jimmy fails to catch him, however, but recovers the locket, which Potts has stolen from his pocket. Miss Moore and her mother treat Jimmy and Brooks with great coldness, so Jimmy asks Miss Moore for an explanation. She explains that Jimmy's story of having found the locket is not satisfactory, and also that they had heard of his being at a garden party the night before, flirting with Miss Jen Green, who is supposed to be the fiancee of Potts. Jimmy denies the statement and says good-by. They start off in their canoes, and Brooks, who is behind, discovers a man pursuing them. Jimmy is evidently the prey.

Suddenly Brooks hears the danger signal, the Morse "D," and as he paddles furiously around a bend in the river he comes to the Blood Rock, the legend of which they had heard the night before.

The man is Potts, and he waits on Blood Rock to smash Jimmy's canoe. Luckily Jimmy sees him and gets on to the rock, and there is a fight, in which Potts gets a severe thrashing. Brooks takes several snapshots of the conflict, and finally he and Jimmy paddle away, leaving Potts on Blood Rock.

Brooks goes scouting, and is returning when he again hears the danger signal. He finds that Jimmy has been playing a practical joke on him, as dinner is ready. After the meal Brooks goes to sleep, only to wake up and find that Jimmy and canoe have gone. He presently sees him through his marine-glass in hot pursuit of Potts, who is in a skiff. Potts fires at him with a revolver, and then Brooks loses sight of him. Suddenly he hears the D signal, and after a bit discovers Tommy Giggs, to whom he had given his whistle some time before.

Giggs explains his appearance and Brooks paddles to Athens, where he finds Jimmy, who hears that a letter has been left for him by Miss Moore. The niece of their host refuses to give up the letter, as she is ready to swear that he is one Charles Stevens.

Potts turns up and steals Brooks' camera and plates, which he destroys, and once again escapes Jimmy's vengeance. That evening Jimmy wishes to drive into Rome, but cannot get a horse and rig, and when he goes to his room he finds that a pair of trousers that contains the miniature has disappeared.

Jimmy gets his trousers back, but the locket is missing. He also gets the letter from Miss Moore, to which he writes an answer.

CHAPTER XIX.

Farewell to Athens.

"Me for the races!"

It was Jimmy, ready for the matutinal dip, and big and radiant, who waked me again, while Old Sol winked at me through a window from over the harvest horizon. It was Thursday morning—Thor's Day—the day of things-to-be-did, of endurance, and might and skill!

"I feel fit to wallop the field!" said Thor, striding about, and flicking a towel at my unprotected hide to expedite the execution of my temporary toilet. "It's only just turned five o'clock, and King's weather come up with the sun. I've ordered breakfast so that we may be under way by seven and leave this godless hamlet behind. The only thing I do leave behind with dubiety as to its ultimate fate," he added, tapping a rather bulky note envelope, sealed with wax, that lay on a bureau, "is this." 'This' was self-evidently the Strephonian post-midnight epistle to Chloe. "The post-office don't open until nine o'clock, and the postmaster is an old curmudgeon, who turns out to be the father of the photographer's wife, the stout party addicted to gin, of last evening's episode. So of course he gave me hark-from-the-tomb when I knocked him up just now, and I wasn't going to leave my letter there for the sky-blue wrapper to open and read. And if I were to put it in the drop of the office in this house," he cont'nued, shoving the priceless packet into a pocket as we left the room, "that nameless female, called by courtesy Miss Patterson, would pinch it, and it would never reach its destination after she had read it. If she couldn't swallow without a face the homeopathic doses of tongue I gave her last night, she'd take convulsions over what I've written her down. I've hunted this blessed boathouse and my canoe," he added, as we reached the depository of our craft, "but can't find that locket. Of course, I don't trust a soul in this village. They're all degenerate Athenians, I guess; and I believe it was prigged out of the breeches pocket at the hotel."

"It would easily enough slip out of a pocket, being round and smooth," I said. "Besides, the specific gravity of gold—"

The resounding splash of Jimmy's plunge from the float drowned my remark, and the lusty roar of satisfaction he gave on rising midway in the stream shook all the Athenian window-sashes in their frames.

"It isn't going to create any specific gravity in me!" he spluttered. "I suppose there'll be a challenge to fight a duel, or an action for damages, when the chap who lost that locket in the first place hears that I found it, and then finds that it's gone again. But he won't hear about it as far as I'm concerned. It's given me trouble enough, and I'm not looking for any more. I'll get a description from the cook of the boy who brought the trousers in. She'll fake one, anyway, I suppose. And I'll pay the Dutch constable to try and hunt him up. Then I'll put an ad. up in the hotel office, offering a reward that should attract any one who may have the locket; and there isn't anything more I can do, except hope and pray the locket may turn up, or that the owner won't until it does."

Jimmy interviewed the cook, and with a description which he said was cooked up, and that would have applied to ninety-nine boys out of a hundred in a country village, he started Hans, properly primed, on the sleuthonian path of rigid enquiry. Hans remarked, with a shake of his big head, that between the Potts case of the previous evening, and the trouble over the letter then, and the missing locket, things had never been as busy in his line in Athens since he took office. "Grimes vas gedding more vorse yet already," he gurgled gutturally, as he marked the first urchin afar for his own, and steered a cunningly circuitous course.

Then, ere we went in to breakfast, Jimmy wrote his "lost" ad., offering in the terms of the "Snorer's" paragraph a "handsome reward," which he said cheerfully the original loser would have to pay, anyway, in the end. The inscription complete, Jimmy applied to the clerk for paste. Mr. Timms hunted behind the desk, scratched an ear, hesitated, and then called the freckled boy, who was just coming on duty with sleep in his eye.

"Flight yourself up, and ask Miss Patterson to give you the paste," he said. "I remember now she took it last night for something or other."

The boy departed, yawning, and in due course returned with the pot. Jimmy, with a grin, sniffed it, and with a triumphant, "I told you so!" applied the paste to his sheet, and stuck it up on the outside wall by the main door.

"There's just one thing more I'd like this morning," he said, throwing down his napkin, and sitting back from an heroic meal, "and that is to kodak the 'acting boss.' I've got Algernon Potts for my Rogues' Gallery, and I need her to make a pair. It would break her limestone heart to see me snapping her." We returned to the office to settle up, and Jimmy enquired suavely after Miss Patterson.

"She was down just after you went into the dining-room," said Mr. Timms. "She seemed kind of flustered about that pot of paste. It seems she was out of her sitting-room when the boy went up, and he took it on his own hook. She wanted to know what it was wanted for, and when I said it was Mr. Carew asked for it, she looked a bit upset, and asked if Mr. Carew made any remarks. But I didn't think it was worth while telling her what you said, and the boy he knew enough to keep his trap shut. I told her what you wanted it for, and she said, 'Oh, indeed!' and went outside and peeled your ad. off. It hadn't got fairly started to stick, I guess; and anyway, that paste's pretty stale. She said you hadn't no right to go bill-sticking up the front of the house that way without asking her."

"Where is Miss Patterson now?" said Jimmy, breathing hard.

"Well, she's gone driving back over the bridge to the boss's farm for eggs. She said that eggs guaranteed strictly fresh-laid was getting scarce now since canoeing men started to own the place, and you could count on them being store eggs most of the time."

"We had the strictly fresh-laid variety for breakfast, all right," said Jimmy.

"Yes; and I went out last night, after the way you cut up and used me, and got them, so you could have your breakfast balanced right," said the clerk, with a warm note of reproach. "The cook told me it wouldn't seem like getting breakfast for that big gentleman, without eggs."

"Well, you seem to be a pretty good chap," said Jimmy, genially. "And if you'll do one thing more for me, it will wipe out the way I've been served by the 'acting boss.'" He produced his epistolary budget of the preceding night's inditement. "Take personal charge of this. Don't let it out of your keeping. Don't let Miss Patterson know you have it. Hand it yourself to the driver of Giggs's stage when he comes over this morning from Rome, and tell him to hand it personally and promptly to Miss Moore." And Jimmy handed half-a-dollar to the freckled boy to buy his mouth, which had been as open as his ears.

"I'll do it all right," responded Mr. Timms, with the fervor of a Roundhead taking an oath to wipe up all England with Charles the First. He stowed the precious packet away in an inner pocket of his coat. "She ain't used you quite right—Miss Patterson, I mean. She wasn't quite so sore, though, on another canoeing man that went through here last week. He stayed a day here, sporting around with her. She drove him over to the farm, and he took her out for a boat ride in his canoe. They got pretty thick for one day. He was a big, dark man, too. Willoughby, I think his name was. Well, so long! And when you're going through Red Horse, keep a lookout for the hot bunch that's coming up. Say, there's an American beauty with that crowd that knocks anything I ever see for looks. They call her the Duchess of Downeast. You want to have a look at her. She's a dream! But don't look too long. She was up here for a day, and had all the sports rubbering their heads off. A Frenchy named Joe Plante who was rowing for the bunch, told me her specialty was good-looking, dark men about your size; and I guess he was right. A fellow named Gannon, a lawyer of Gannannock, was paired off with her the day they was up here. Miss Patterson didn't cotton to her a bit, though. Jealous, I guess. She's a blonde—the Duchess, I mean; and her hair—well, so long!"

"I'll set the pace for you," said Jimmy, as he spread the olive-green trousers to dry over the forward decking of my old red-painted cruiser, in which he paddled out, as pre-arranged. Then, suddenly, he dropped his paddle, stooped, and in a moment had his camera on his knee.

The old, low Athenian bridge, with its wide stone arches, lay just ahead. And over it was passing an open buggy, the horse at a walk. A young woman was leaning forward from the buggy, her gaze bent on Jim. Suddenly, realizing his aim and act, less than a dozen feet away, she made a grimace, leaned back, and whipped up her steed to a sudden trot. But her celerity was too late. Jimmy gave a loud, indecent laugh of triumph as the buggy sped on. He had snapped Miss Aggie Patterson and scored the last trick, and the "rubber," he said.

CHAPTER XX.

Red Horse.

Jimmy proceeded to "set the pace," just to intimate that if my old red-painted skate was a tram river horse, he was the jockey of the waves to get the speed out of her. He rounded a bend in the Athenian stream and passed from my view; and when I reached Red Horse Lake he was well down it, boring with unabated speed toward the outlet at the extremest end.

The morning had broken tropically fine. A breeze from the south, dead against us, and freshening at every blow, whipped the lake into life, of which the glinting sunshine was the expression as it sparkled merrily on every dancing wave. Following upon the electrical storm that had hit us in Bellamy Lake, the morning air was crystal clear, and a party of people in a scattered fleet of skiffs grew rapidly more distinct as they approached and I paddled smartly on.

I reflected that this party must be the "coming up" bunch for whom Joe Plante had plied the mercenary oar, and who had been significantly described by that piscatorial navigator and the Athenian hotel clerk as gay and hot; and my curiosity to have a look at the blonde Duchess of Downeast, who was no doubt the blue-eyed beauty of the miniature in the locket, grew keen as I advanced.

Presently a cheery hail greeted me from the nearest skiff, in which were three men. A furlong or so away was a second skiff, and there the sunlight gleamed on the red-gold hair of a woman lolling in the stern. She wore a blue and white yachting suit, and trailed a snowy hand in the sapphire lake. I laid my paddle across the deck and gazed, for the air was magnifying in its pellucidity, and I had that morning, to quote the bard of Twickenham, a "microscopic eye." I bent for Jimmy's binocular; but my curiosity was cut short by a bluff voice. The skiff which had hailed me had come alongside, and the man who pulled stroke saluted me. He was a jolly and hot-enough looking sport, for sure, as Joe Plante said; a Britisher, at first and final glance. He was ruddy, burly, and big, with a large, blond cavalry moustache of the old school. He said, in a bass voice:

"Good morning, old chap. Who is the streak o' lightning in the red canoe, if you don't mind?" And he waved a stout bared arm toward Jimmy, who was rapidly nearing the outlet of the lake.

"James Carew of Ottawa, the famous double-blade crack," I said, with an air.

"He's certainly rapid transit," said the man who was lolling supinely in the stern, after the invertebrate fashion of Sam Hugg. He was a long-limbed, smooth, and black-haired fellow, this, with a dark, keen, clean-shaven face. "What is he in such a hurry about?"

"He's simply feeling his muscle and wind in anticipation of lifting the Trophy Cup this afternoon at the big canoe meet off Gannannock," I replied.

"By Jove!" said the burly stroke. "I say, you two, Willoughby will have his work cut out to beat Mr. Carew."

"Not if Carew intends to paddle all the way to Gannannock," said the keen-faced one in the stern.

"He does," I said. "And he intends to win, besides."

"Gad, I like that," said the Englishman. "It's devilish plucky of Carew. But I rather think he'll go too stale for championship form at three o'clock, eh, Gannon?"

"I rather think," said Gannon, in the stern, with a little slow smile. "Willoughby, fresh and fit, ought to beat him out."

"He won't!" I said, warmly. "The only thing that stands between Carew and the Cup is Rule Ten of the Racing Rules, requiring a man to be in camp at the meet for two days before being eligible to race. If the Regatta Committee will waive that——"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr.——" the Englishman cut in.

"Brooks."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Brooks. I like Carew's pluck, but I rather fancy Willoughby's chances. Besides, Willoughby's our man. Andrews is my name—Captain Andrews, late of His Majesty's Steenth Stickers. We are all going down to see the races—driving from Athens, you know. We are to dine at the Inn to-night; and if you are putting up there, I'll wager you the champagne for my party and any of your friends that Willoughby beats Carew in the race for the Cup; or you can take the field if you like."

"I'll stand by Carew, and I'll take you," I said; and wondered what the price of wine might be at the Inn. Then the bow, as he manipulated a lingering oar, said:

"By the way, Mr. Brooks, did you hear anything of Willoughby on your way through? We know he's at the meet; but he was to have given us a call on his way through here, and he didn't show up."

"Rather!" I said cheerfully. "I understand he spent a pleasant day at Rome in the society of the most charming girl there; and as to his little holiday with Miss Aggie Patterson, the tall brunette at the Athenian House—just ask the clerk on the side."

"Jove, Gannon!" said Andrews, with a roar. "That'll knock the Duchess, eh?"

"It'll break her heart," said Gannon, with becoming gravity.

"Egad, Gannon ought to know, eh, Lime?" said the ex-captain of the Steenth Stickers. "Willoughby's fiancee," he remarked to me, "is among those present." He nodded toward the other boats, now drawing away.

"Perhaps Willoughby went through by moonlight like that chap in the skiff last night," said Lime.

"Well, the Duchess's charms held him up a bit," said Andrews. "Don't you remember how he lay on his oars and stared through his dark glasses at her, as we drifted by?"

"Her song was alluring," Gannon said. "As to Willoughby, perhaps Miss Patterson talked gossip to him about the Duchess and the day we were at Athens last week, without knowing, of course, that the Duchess was Willoughby's fiancee, unless he showed her the miniature of the Duchess which he wears in a locket. It's a very fine bit of work, in oils, she told me."

"Oh, she told you, eh?" duetted Andrews and Lime.

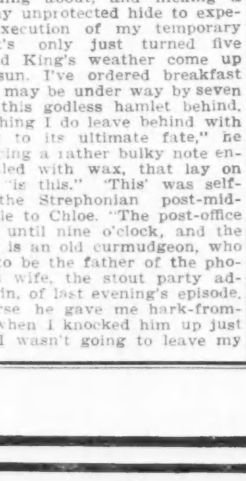
"So that, having the miniature with him," continued the unperturbed Gannon, "Willoughby was perhaps satisfied to deny himself the original, if he had been lingering too long already on his way to the races, particularly if he had any gossip still singing in his ear. He's rather a quick-tempered, irascible, jealous sort of chap, I believe."

"Well, if he's been living in glass houses en route," said Andrews, "he can't throw stones. Between the Maid of Athens and the attraction at Rome he's been flirting a bit himself, it seems. However, perhaps he was afraid the charms of the Calypso of Red Horse might detain him too long. Well, au revoir, Mr. Brooks! See you at the meet or the Inn. Mum's the word, you know. I hope we haven't been talking too much Greek." And they rowed off.

Outside of likening the Duchess of Downeast to the mythical lady who detained poor old Ulysses on her island when he should have been getting along, they hadn't said a word of Greek to me. Their gossip had kept me just all ears. And I ripped through Red Horse Lake in Jimmy's fast canoe at a rate that must have made Gannon and Lime wonder why I hadn't backed myself, to tell Jimmy that our bete noir, Potts, had gone ahead of us in the night, no doubt with hate in his heart and some expression of it developing in his foxy, fertile brain.

A boy was standing on the bluff shore of the lake at the outlet's edge, his hand shading his eyes. As I swiftly

THE STOUT MAN.



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TO the majority of women the word "Imported" conveys the idea that a garment so labeled is the acme of style, elegance and originality, and so it is little wonder that when a collection of gowns, waists and cloaks from Paris, Berlin and Vienna finds its way to the Toronto Exhibition, the Canadian women are intensely interested.

The Robert Simpson Co. of Toronto were fortunate enough to secure some of the exclusive models of such well known Parisian costumers as Solovici, Beer, Callot Soeurs and others, while the noted Berlin houses, Gerson and Pach, also contributed some original designs.

The ladies of Toronto will be delighted to learn that next week they will have the privilege of examining more closely these exclusive gowns and cloaks, for all these imported costumes are to be on sale in the Yonge street store, and those who are desirous of obtaining a garment of which there is no duplicate will doubtless avail themselves of this opportunity.

"SOLOVICI."

Perhaps the most admired Parisian importations were two evening gowns—one from SOLOVICI, the other from Beer.

The former is a wonderful creation of pink and green shot silk, the waist being quite simple and made very full with a low, pointed yoke back and front of exquisite tan and white lace. The unique sleeves consist of very full short puffs finished with three deep frills of the lace and ornamented with tiny green velvet bows and steel buckles. The full skirt has two deep flounces on the bottom, and two puffs at intervals up the skirt give a decidedly Parisienne effect to this modish evening gown.

The Beer model is a striking contrast, as it is composed of black Liberty silk much inserted with fine black lace. This waist is a bolero effect, a yoke and front of finely tucked white chiffon and a wide green girdle, giving a decidedly chic air to the gown. The sleeves are the new double puff, with deep frill at the elbow. The very full skirt is shirred around the hips, and three groups of shirring and insertions of the lace complete a most elegant costume.

The Callot Soeurs, of Paris, contribute a dainty dinner gown of white silk, the fine black stripes of which form a check. The full waist opens over a tiny white vest and the coral pink revers add a bewitching touch of color. The full elbow sleeves are finished with four tiny white pleated ruffles and these also appear on the collar. The full skirt is in 1830 style, its three wide bands at intervals giving an appearance of frills held by coral pink ornaments

"ELISE PORET."

ELISE PORET shows a charming waist of champagne taffeta, whose tiny shirred frills give a very unique effect, the touches of white and black chiffon and tomato-red cord, making up a decidedly novel garniture.

Two other favorites are composed one of white silk and the other of pale blue peau de Chine. Both have faggoted yokes with numerous shirrings beneath, and the new puff sleeves with the long cuffs to the elbow are in evidence.

The street suits fashioned by Gerson, of Berlin, are altogether charming, the most striking being a suit of tan broadcloth which shows the yoke effect. Box-pleats from the yoke continue down the peplum, and the same idea is carried out in the short skirt, which has also slotted seams. Touches of brown velvet on the coat and sleeves give a soft finish to the suit. A hat of beaver with pleated pale blue velvet crown and blue plume, completed this stunning costume.

THE OPERA AND CARRIAGE CLOAKS are dreams of beauty, the most exquisite being a cream opera wrap by Pach of Berlin. Its silk foundation is covered with accordion-pleated chiffon which shows under a covering of embroidered net. The deep collar is trimmed with diamond silk braid, and drop ornaments add the last touch to this ravishing cloak.

Another striking model is one of deep champagne cloth with the new Havelock sleeves and ornamentations of white, and touches of velvet. Other wraps of cream broadcloth with burnt orange velvet, a tan broadcloth with the immense new sleeves, a black silk model and one of white broadcloth with dolman-like capes and several others will be on view next week.

If space permitted, one would like to describe the hats, furs and lingerie which completed the Simpson exhibit, but as these are all to be displayed in the near future, one must content oneself by congratulating the Robert Simpson Co. on the taste and judgment displayed by their buyers in the selection of their imported garments and we feel sure that the interest evinced by the ladies of our city in these beautiful importations will prove gratifying to all concerned.

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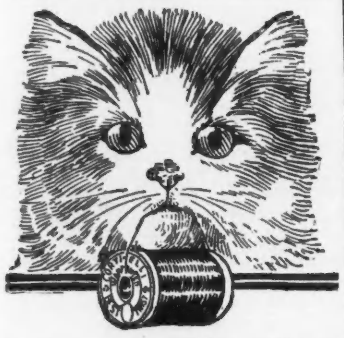

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approached he suddenly ran into the bushes and disappeared.

I turned into the narrow outlet, and spun around its curve. A rope, stretched taut across the little passage, caught my long paddle and I had to release my grip. The canoe lurched, and to avoid overturning I grabbed the rope. The canoe, recovering its equilibrium, passed under the rope, and I swung into deep water, as a score of small stones clattered down the steep bank and splashed into the stream, while a pair of slim brown legs disappeared in a twinkle over the ledge of the bank.

CHAPTER XXI.

Long Lake and Lost Bay.

A stroke or two carried me to the bank, and a stride or two took me up it. The boy was speeding arrowwise across a meadow toward the haven of home; but fast as he ran I ran faster in spite of my wet "rags," for I was hot with righteous wrath. He turned a desperate glance toward me, and his foot struck a stone. He stumbled with a yell of pain, hobbled, and dropped, and I impatiently awaited the return of his breath.

"'Tain't my fault altogether!" he said. "A big man in a slouch hat and dark glasses, that went through here in a skiff, and slep' at our house last night, he told me to do it. He said his name was Kent, and that he was going to Gannannock for the papers he wrote for, about the new rules in schools they was trying to make. He said there was a meeting in Gannannock to-day, and he had to be on time. He said the new rules was the worst that ever was, and his papers was dead agin them. They was nothing but longer hours and harder books and more o' the rawhide, he said. He told me two inspectors was going through to the meeting, in canoes, takin' their holidays. He see them at Rome, and they was red-hot for the new rules. One was in a light-lookin' canoe and the other was in a red-painted one, he said. And he fixed the rope this morning before he started down Long Lake. I got it out o' the barn, but we didn't say nothing to Pa, because Pa said he kind o' thought the new rules was a good thing, and he liked them, which was on account o' not having to mind them, Kent said. He ran the rope through the bushes on the other bank, and tied it to a tree there, and then he passed it across so it hung in the water and you couldn't see it; and then he took a turn of it around a tree on this side so I could pull on it and tie it quick, and make it like a tight rope, he said. And Kent said for me to keep a sharp lookout on the bluff, and if the inspector in the red canoe come first not to mind him, but let him pass without fixin' the rope, because the man in the light-colored canoe he was the worst; but if he come first, to yank it on him, then, I ses maybe the man 'd upset and be drownded; and Kent laughed and ses that the inspectors could swim all right, because he see them swimming in the bay at Rome. I ses maybe then the man 'd catch me and take me to Pa, and then I'd get the rawhide sure; and Kent laughed again, and ses that was all right, too, because the inspector in the light-lookin' canoe, he ses, couldn't run worth a cent. He'd tried to catch some boys at Rome who was guying him from the bank, when he was swimming, because they knew who he was and what he was, on account of him trying to make the new rules at their school for the new term. He had a kind of limp, this inspector in the light-lookin' canoe had, Kent ses. And then he rowed away, pretty fast, too, as he wanted to be at the meeting ahead of the inspectors, he ses, and tell everybody there how the boys and most all the parents at Athens and Rome and all along the way felt about the new rules. Well, I kep' my eye skinned on the bluff, and after a while the man in the red canoe come along down the lake, all alone, and I was glad to see him getting out of the way, and when I see how fast he made his canoe go, and how big he was, I was mighty glad he wasn't the one in the light-lookin' canoe. I ses to myself I wouldn't like to take no chances on his limp, if he had one. And then, after a while, mister, you come along. But I see now that shyster Kent lied, because you ain't got no limp, and run like a deer, too. Say, you tell that big man in the red canoe, and maybe he'll fix Kent. He's a tall geezer, Kent is, with a slouch hat, and wearin' big dark glasses with sides to them, like he didn't want his eyes to get out, which was sore, he said, on account of writin' so much for the papers. But I guess he lied. He never took the darn things off. He ses his eyes was a sight, an he didn't like to look at them himself. An' he had a bump on his forrid that he kep' his hair pulled down over most of the time. Pa said——"

I chased back, and found that Jimmy's cedar light-looking canoe was beating broadside upon the lake shore near to the channel of my catastrophe. For the south wind had risen, and was blowing steady and strong in the teeth of our course, so that the little lake called Long, into which the channel turned from Red Horse, was merry with whitecaps, curling snowy-white and sparkling in the sun. But despite the opposing wind, there was not a flash of Jimmy's paddle to be seen in Long Lake; and I passed laboriously into the out-going stream without a sight of him, while I cogitated upon his luck in having taken my red canoe, and the ingenuity of one Algernon Potts, who was apparently bound to cut down Jimmy's chances for the Trophy Cup to the letter O.

The sun by now had mounted high, and my temperature risen to the drinking point; so I put in at a vine-clad cottage, with a bid for milk and an enquiry after the strenuous James.

A dough-faced girl, in a dotted muslin, was reclining in a hammock in the shade of the sheltering vines, and she was putting up a front of reading Thackeray's "Virginians," holding the book, with a good deal of judgment, upside down, in order to more easily discover, I supposed, what her old friend William Makepeace was driving at.

There was a little table, too, behind the morning-glories and sweet peas and other climbing things of the verandah; and on the little table was a tray; and on the tray was a sugar-bowl, and a drinking-glass that had held milk, and a big jug, and a plate full of egg-shells. The big jug, too, had held milk, but was now as empty as the shells; so that I knew, without putting Dough-face through her catechism, that the sugar and the milk and the eggs were now en route in the custody of a young man of heroic mould with the receptive capacity of Friar Tuck.

Dough-face said that a big, handsome young man, who said his name was Brooks—twice as big as myself, and paddling his own canoe, so she said—had stopped at the cottage for milk. While she had been getting the milk from the pans, he had foraged under the barn—her brother having gone fishing in Lost Bay—and cornered all the eggs in sight. He had made egg-nogs, and finished all the morning's milk. And the cows were milking well, too, she said, and the hens laying nicely, as I could see by the shells. While Mr. Brooks was making the egg-nogs, she said, the cows that were grazing along the bank grazed on a pair of trousers that were in the canoe, which was pulled up on the bank. She supposed the cows, being naturally inquisitive, and perhaps near-sighted, had mistaken the trousers for a new kind of patent feed, on account of their color, which was green. And before she had been able to rescue the trousers from the bovine brink of ventricular destruction, I gathered, by inference from her coy avoidance of detail, that the seat of them had been put out of business beyond immediate if not eventual repair.

I broke away, with the dough-faced literary maid warning me not to get lost in the Bay, like so many strangers did, because there were two ways out. Her brother, she said, would show me the right one. I got into Lost Bay at last, and an ingenuous-looking youth in a punt was so anxious to point me to the right channel that I took the left one, and found it right. I had got leery of small boys by this time. Famished and tired out, for it was by now noon, I reached the lower end of Gannannock Lake, with the rolling white-riders of the foam all against me, and never a lee shore.

A familiar whistle call saluted me, and I saw Jimmy in the doorway of a little cottage at the end of a hollyhock path.

(To be continued.)

"He was a sweet child, and had his mother's hair and complexion."—"Life."

A Note to the Doctor.

THE Macy baby had sneezed four times in succession and had refused to dispose of the entire contents of what his mother called his "own bottle-dy-bye," whereupon the doctor had been sent for. He had seen at a glance that the infant's illness was far from serious, and he had said when taking his departure:

"I shall not call again unless the child grows worse. You might send me word in the morning, and if the baby is not better by that time I will change the medicine."

Information in regard to the condition of the child reached him the next morning in the shape of the following note from baby's mamma:

"Dear Doctor: You will no doubt remember that you asked me to send you word about baby this morning, and I am hereby complying with your request. I gave him the medicine you left and he seems better, but he is not quite himself yet, and it might be best to change the medicine, although, of course, you will know better than I in regard to that. He slept very well last night and he takes his bottle as usual this morning, but he does not seem quite so bright as he ordinarily does. He nearly always wakes up crowing and laughing and wants his breakfast right away. He has such a funny little way of saying 'bol-lol-lol-lol,' which means 'bottle.' He did not say it this morning, so I do not think that he can be quite himself, although he did not refuse the bottle when we gave it to him. Then he usually says 'pay ee bub-bub' after having his bottle, which is his dear little way of saying 'play with baby.' He said it this morning, but not quite in his usual bright way. He talks more and plainer than any child of his age I ever saw when he is quite himself. He said 'da-da' distinctly when he was but eight months old, and the day he was a year old he said 'mam-mam' just as plainly as he says it now, and that is one reason why I am always so anxious about him when he is ill. Those children with abnormal brain development are so much more susceptible to certain diseases than ordinary children. Don't you think so? My sister has a little boy three months and two days older than our baby, and he has unusual brain development and is ill a good deal. The doctor says that is because the brain is stronger than the body. I wanted to ask you yesterday if that was not the reason why our baby is so very nervous. He starts and jumps in his sleep and he never sleeps long at a time. One of my neighbors has a baby ten days older than mine and he sleeps eight and ten hours at a time, while my baby hardly ever sleeps more than four or five hours at a time. But the Jones baby—that is the name—does not talk at all, which shows that its brain is not more than normal in development, and I suppose that is why it is less nervous than my baby. Do you think it wise to give a baby the age of mine candy? Of course we give him very, very little, but it is so hard to resist when he holds out his dear little hands and says 'kow-dow,' which means 'candy.' Of course we give him only the purest candy and just the least little bit at a time. I have read that a little sweet was good for babies, and I have a friend who gives her baby a month older than mine five or six chocolate-drops at a time. She even gives him fudge, but I never do that. I am greatly in favor of a fruit diet for children, and my baby is fond of fruit. If he sees an apple, he holds out his hands and says 'lop-lop' for 'apple,' and I scrape it for him. He likes bananas, but I don't think they are good for him. Don't you think they are apt to lie heavy on the stomach? Do just as you think best about changing the medicine or calling again. As I say —— The baby has just come out of his nap and is saying 'tee ow,' which means 'come here,' so I must close. I will write again if he is not decidedly better by to-morrow.

"P.S.—He has taken half a cup of weak mutton broth and is calling for his 'dow wow'—'doll'—so I really think he is better. I shall keep him quiet all day and will not allow him to weary his brain by talking too much."

J. L. HARBOUR.

The Doctor's Wife

Agrees With Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find 'Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing.' This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

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Coals of Fire.

Parson—Yes, Sister Tankersley, I know it's hard to put up with a husband like John, that's always hanging around the grog-shop and won't provide for his family; but—er—ahem—wouldn't it be better to exercise a little Christian forbearance and punish him, not by chiding, but as the Scripture says, by heaping coals of fire on his head? You know a little reprimanding if judiciously given is more efficacious than the strongest precept sometimes.

Sister Tankersley—No, parson, I'm afraid it wouldn't be no use; I've already tried bilin' water.

"Tartans of Scotland."

The above is the title of an attractive booklet which has just been issued by John Catto & Son, Toronto, the well-known specialists in this class of goods. The book is well illustrated, and contains, among other interesting matter, a list of Scottish clan and family names, with reproductions, representing the stock of tartans carried by this firm. Almost every known Scottish design is represented in some one or other of the various goods included in the large stock of Catto & Son. Among other articles listed in this catalogue are: Highland suits, Sporrans, Scottish arms and ornaments, traveling-rugs, golf-capes and Scots' flags.

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The Mooney Biscuit & Candy Co., Limited, of Stratford, Ont., which is now celebrating its first birthday, is an example of the growth and progress of Canadian industries. Starting a little over a year ago, with a plant which should have fulfilled all demands upon it for some time to come, the company has already had to double it.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office............ Editorial Rooms.......... } Main 1709

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904. No. 45

THE DRAMA

AT Shea's Theater this week the attractive feature is the one-act comedy, "The Cowboy and the Lord," as presented by the Byron Douglas company. Byron Douglas plays skilfully the double role of Lord Tommy and Billy the Buck. His sweetheart has lamented the fact that Lord Tommy is not manly enough, beseeching him to become a cowboy like her cousin Billy, who has been absent for many years. Lord Tommy vanishes, and there enters the most undesirable desperado who ever wrecked the furniture of a peaceful drawing-room. He frightens Dolly and her father nearly into fits and disappears into the dining-room, where he resorts to the time-honored practice of a dance upon the mahogany. Then mysteriously returns Lord Tommy, to whom Miss Dolly turns in frantic relief, for she has been cured of any hero-worship of the uproarious cowboy. It is the cleverest and most amusing little play that has been presented at Shea's for some time, and Miss Henriette Browne makes a charming Dolly Eastlake. The Meeker-Baker Trio as comedy acrobats, and Rae and Brosche as presenters of humorous skits, are not especially remarkable. The members of the Basque Quartette have voices of unusual volume and costumes that are decidedly picturesque. One is slightly surprised to hear "Les Rameaux" in a "turn" at Shea's, but it is rather pleasingly rendered, although the feminine voice is quite unequal. The Elinore Sisters are applauded loudly, which is not an indication of good taste on the part of the audience, since the two performers (especially the more conspicuous member of the duet) are not only unoriginal, but distinctly raucous. One does not expect wit of the most subtle Gallic flavor at a vaudeville performance, but from such crude and vulgar attempts at the amusing as are furnished by the lady of the green and white plumes I beg to be delivered. A welcome change is Miss Helene Gerard, a graceful and dashing equestrienne whose riding is delightful to behold and whose command of her cream-colored steed is complete. It is stated on the programme that Miss Gerard is French, and her dainty grace and finished performance seem to bear out the statement. Haines and Vidocq in "Fibbs and Squibs, old and new," are the hackneyed ebony jokers whose jests will never be called rolling stones since the "tender-fingered moss," as a poet would say, has been growing on their witticisms for many a weary year. They are tiresome, silly and yawn-provoking. McPhee and Hill do some surprisingly agile work on the triple horizontal bars, giving a "loop the loop" finish with a verve that is deservedly applauded. The kinetograph is better than ever, the last number, "Personal," forming an exhilarating close to what is in the main a good programme. J. G.

* * *

At the Grand Opera House this week, standing room only being left proves that "Shore Acres'" popularity has not diminished, although it has been presented here for several seasons. The play is an old one and well known to Toronto playgoers. In its way it could hardly be improved. The cast this season is practically the same as that of last, Mr. James T. Galloway appearing very successfully as Nathaniel Berry and Atkins Laurence as Martin, the other principal parts in the cast being unchanged. The stage setting is more elaborate and altogether finer than in past presentations, and judging by the reception the play received it will prove quite as successful as on previous occasions.

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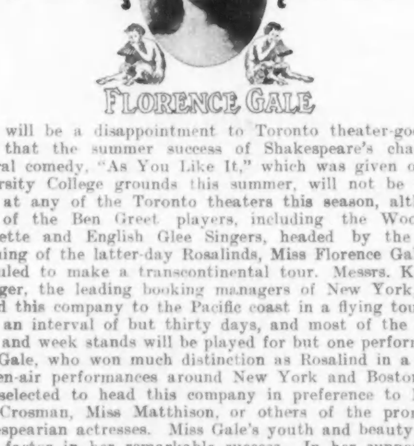


FLORENCE GALE

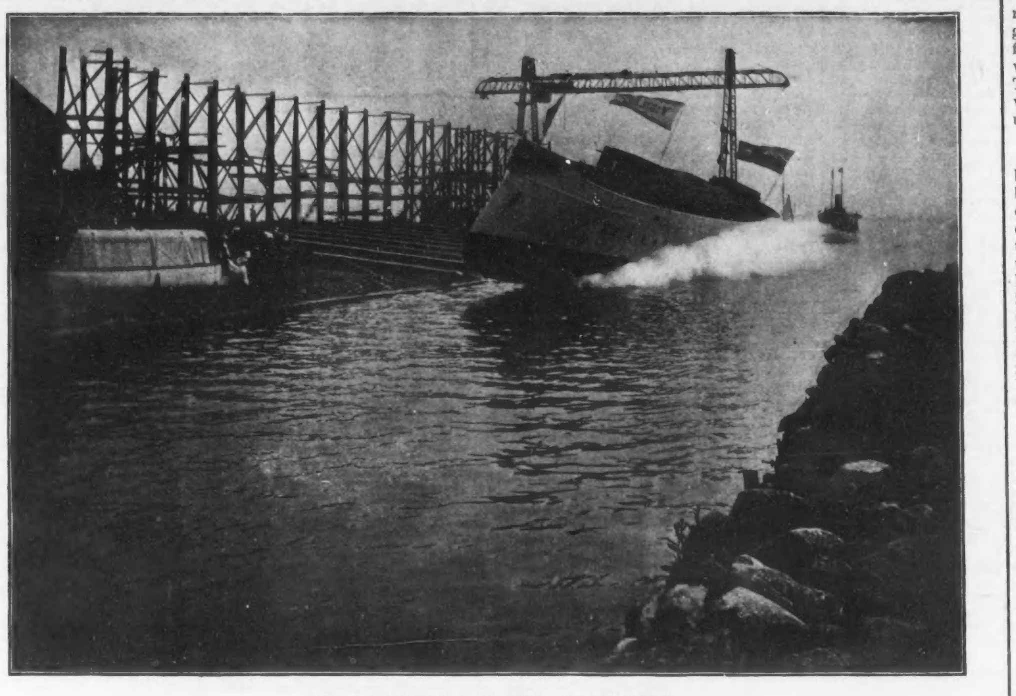
It will be a disappointment to Toronto theater-goers to learn that the summer success of Shakespeare's charming pastoral comedy, "As You Like It," which was given on the University College grounds this summer, will not be duplicated at any of the Toronto theaters this season, although most of the Ben Greet players, including the Woodland Quartette and English Glee Singers, headed by the most charming of the latter-day Rosalinds, Miss Florence Gale, are scheduled to make a transcontinental tour. Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, the leading booking managers of New York, have routed this company to the Pacific coast in a flying tour covering an interval of but thirty days, and most of the three-night and week stands will be played for but one performance. Miss Gale, who won much distinction as Rosalind in a series of open-air performances around New York and Boston, has been selected to head this company in preference to Henrietta Crosman, Miss Matthison, or others of the prominent Shakespearian actresses. Miss Gale's youth and beauty are a great factor in her remarkable success. In her support are such well-known players as George Sylvester as Orlando, Mark Price as Jaques, and Paul Taylor as Touchstone. Promise is made for a visit on the return spring tour, and although a date could not be arranged for Toronto owing to previous bookings, Manager A. J. Small has succeeded in securing a stop-over at St. Catharines, Guelph and London, and the appearance of this exquisite comedy will doubtless prove the social and intellectual treat of the opening season.

* * *

"The Princess Chic" is already an established favorite everywhere and it is therefore a matter of gratification to music-lovers that it is to be seen in this city at the Grand Opera House next week. The company presenting this delightful opera is said to be stronger and better than ever, and this statement would seem very plausible when it is stated that the popular basso-comedian, George Callahan, has returned to play the role of Brevet, the soldier of fortune in the piece. Mr. Callahan created this role and it would seem that no one was ever able to portray it quite so artistically as he. One of the chief charms of "The Princess Chic" is that the story allows Caroline Boelen opportunity for the display of her many charms in several becoming disguises.

* * *

The feature of the show at Shea's Theater next week will be the Six Musical Cuttys. This musical act came into notice only very recently, but is now the highest salaried offering in the musical line. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher will appear in a sketch entitled "The Halfway House." This act was written by Ezra Kendall and is said to be one of the cleverest bits of work this comedian ever turned out. James H. Cullen, the man from the West, has not been heard in Toronto for some time. As Mr. Cullen always localizes his sayings, he will have a lot of stuff that will be pleasing to Torontonians. Ed F. Reynard, who is undoubtedly one of the greatest ventriloquists, has a good musical feature and some good talk. Blockson and Burns, eccentric comedians, will introduce considerable comedy and light acrobatic work in their act; Clifford and Burke sing and dance; La Belle Blanche is a clever little mimic, and there will be new pictures in the kinetograph.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE "VIGILANT."

The vessel was launched at noon on Friday, September 9th. The "Vigilant" is for use in Lakes Erie and Huron. The length on waterline is 176 feet; breadth, molded, 22 feet; depth from top of keel to top of main deck, 14 feet 3 inches; draft 8 feet. The speed called for in the contract is 16 knots, and it is expected that this speed will be exceeded. The armament will consist of four rapid-fire guns. The boat has flush main deck and bulwarks, having a ram bow and elliptical stern of a similar design to those of the cruisers in the British navy. The cost, with complete outfit and armament, is about $150,000. The complement, including officers and men, is about 40.

Jaspar—How did you enjoy Southern hospitality when you visited Virginia? Jumpuppe—Well, the fact is that mint doesn't agree with me.

Sporting Comment.

THE dealers in lacrosse "dope" fell down lamentably on Saturday last. With Lambe and Querrie off the Tecumseh twelve it was generally thought the Chippewas would collar the victory, the more especially as the Irish Indians had beaten the Tecumsehs at their last meeting. But the wise 'uns were out of it when the referee's whistle tooted for the last time. There have been some good games at the Island this year. There has not been a poorer one than last week's. And once more the cry was heard, "Wanted, a referee." Mr. Babcock of Chatham is a well-meaning young man who was never cut out for the position of arbitrator for our national game. He seemed to suffer from a severe attack of stage fright, and satisfied nobody. A prominent official of the Canadian Lacrosse Association informed me the other day that it is becoming almost impossible to secure efficient referees. All of the men who know most about the game, and who would be able best to perform the functions of the official arbitrator, are in some way connected with the C. L. A. Consequently, they have, or are supposed to possess, certain prejudices for or against certain clubs. As a result, they are not allowed to act, and the players and public have to put up with makeshift officials. Frankly, I do not see how this state of affairs is to be remedied. The moment a man becomes a lacrosse enthusiast he develops an affection for some club. Certain combinations of circumstances make it inevitable that he shall have a favorite in every match. The defeat of one club by another may help his home twelve on the way to the championship. Of course it is possible to go far afield for a referee, but as was shown in the case of Mr. Chitty, the experiment is not always a success. The truth seems to be that the men who have seen most lacrosse are most frequently the very poorest referees.

* * *

The same may be said of Rugby football. Mr. Edward Bayly pointed out the fact some years ago. The best players make the poorest referees, in ordinary. The ablest arbitrators on the football field—always excepting Edward Bayly—have usually been men who had little practical knowledge of the game as players. In the same way the best coaches have frequently been men who never donned the padded knickers. Father Fallon, the man who made Ottawa College famous, never played the game, but he was a king among coaches. During the final years of the existence of the Osgoode Hall Rugby Club, Thomas L. Church, who never played the game to any great extent, acted as manager and coach, and turned out a very creditable team from unpromising material. With a coach, the ability to tell how to do a thing is vastly more important than the power to do that thing.

* * *

The Rugby teams are organizing and soon the boom of the football will be heard in the land. Hamilton Tigers are at work already, with a lot of new material, including a deaf and dumb gentleman who should be an especial favorite of the referees, who do not approve of "back talk." Hamilton won the championship last year in a field that was of hardly better than intermediate strength. This season the return of the Argonauts to the fold and the dropping out of the weak West End Pleasure Club of Hamilton will greatly improve the quality of the teams. Peterboro' has decided to play in the senior series, and should have a first-rate twelve. The city on the banks of the Otonabee is a good sporting center, but the local club will require something more than enthusiasm to run the team. Hard cash is needed, and if the Peterboro' fellows continue to play their matches on unenclosed grounds the other clubs will certainly decline to admit them to the charmed senior circle. The Peterboro' club has never made a success of collecting any decent gates, which is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the place has a population of only twelve thousand. Even in London, which is more than three times larger than Peterboro', the citizens are loth to turn out to see football. The trying conditions under which matches are often played certainly has much to do with this state of affairs. Still, in Ottawa and Montreal, where the weather is usually worse than in Toronto, the people muster in thousands.

* * *

Mr. Goldwin Smith has had a whack at the heads of the sporting fraternity. He holds that nowadays people are going crazy over sport, and remarks that in this, as in many other conditions of life as presented to the Sage of the Grange, the former times were better than these. It has become the fashion nowadays for some publicists to deplore the widespread interest in sport, and the fact that players are paid is cause for their holding up their hands in holy horror. Personally, I can see nothing reprehensible in honest professionalism. There is no more reason why a good cricketer or baseball player should not make his living out of the game than there is that all actors should remain amateurs. In the days of Mr. Goldwin Smith's youth, according to an old Etonian who wrote in the "Monthly Review" not long ago, the amusements at Eton were not anything like as harmless or as helpful as they are now. According to this authority, killing small birds in hedges, long walks—when permitted—a little rowing and less cricket, and some handball, were the only amusements of the Etonians. Some of the members of the older generation never cease lamenting because gate money is charged at games nowadays. They point to the good old times when everything was free, including prize-fighting, but in those days, as anybody who is acquainted with the history of sport knows, dishonesty was rampant. The pugilists were cheap men, easily bought. The pedestrians were in the same case. Nowadays sport, if professional, is usually clean.

* * *

The good old days of the big R. Q. T. road race were brought to mind last Saturday, when the Dunlop Trophy bicycle race was brought off. Ten years or so back the big event usually had two hundred or so contestants. On Saturday last there were barely fifty riders entered, but it is safe to say that this is about twice as many as would have entered two or three seasons ago. Bicycling, it is fashionable to say, has turned from sport to a means of locomotion. Yet there is something more than mere locomotion in road racing. The successful road racer must have stamina, condition and skill. It is said by some that the sport places too great a strain on the heart, but probably the organ is given just as hard work in the case of rowing or football. It would be too much to hope that bicycle racing will ever resume its old-time prosperity, but we may see the game once more at something like popularity.

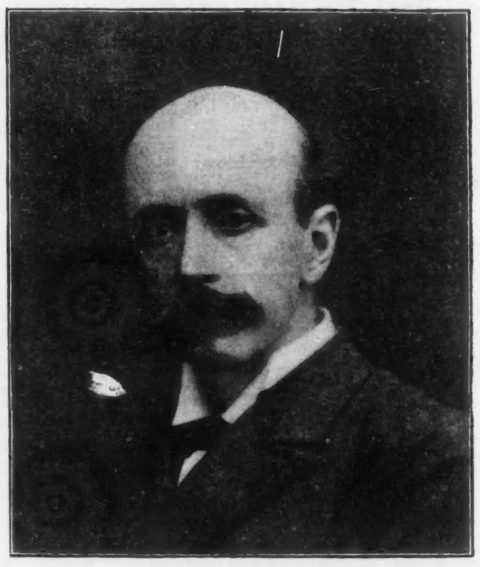
* * *

There is to be another race for the Canada Cup next year, and the rival yachts will be only thirty-footers. There is very great diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of thus cutting down the size of the boats, but the advocates of the reduction won the day. Perhaps the experiment will do no harm. It will, at least, settle a vexed question. If the change be made permanent it will have one good result in that the cost of racing for the cup will not be, as it has been in the past, almost prohibitive. Ten thousand dollars is about the smallest cost of any Canada Cup contestant up to date.

* * *

Polo at Sunlight Park drew two good-sized crowds. The every-day citizen of Toronto knows so much more about street cars than about horses that he is slow to evince an interest in the great East Indian game, but society has given its imprimatur and the elite are always on deck. There are not more than two or three thousand men in Toronto who can afford the money necessary to maintain a string of ponies, but any of us can enjoy a good game well played. Perhaps if the club management could see their way to repeating the experiment of allowing the public free admission the citizens would turn out in numbers, would take an interest in the game, and would finally arrive at the entrance-fee-paying stage. Of course there is no great need for financial profits at polo games, but it is not fair that the players, who have been already at large expense, should have to go down in their pockets every time they appear in public matches. Toronto has a well-merited reputation as a sporting center. It is not living up to it in the matter of polo.

OLYMPIAN.



The Right Hon. Earl Grey, the new Governor-General of Canada, from his latest photograph.

A Yankee Editor and the Marlboroughs.

THE editor of "Town Topics," New York, thus comments on the failure of the Duke of Marlborough to obtain the appointment as Governor-General of Canada:

"Canadians were right in objecting to the appointment of the Duke of Marlborough as Governor-General. Canadian women were especially right, because the Duke has an American wife and her assuming the position of Vice Reine would lead to endless envies, jealousies, faultfinding and backbiting. We can realize the situation by supposing that the wife of the President was an English lady of title. In India the American wife of the Viceroy did not matter, as the division of color is predominant. Canada is sure to come into the Union some day. Toronto is already an American city, though monastic Montreal remains French and quaint Quebec is medieval. But Canada must come voluntarily, convinced that uniting with us is for her best interests, and any squabbling about the rule of an American woman in the palace of the Governor-General would delay the happy consummation. Earl Grey, the brother-in-law of Governor-General Minto, has been wisely appointed, though he does not desire the position."

How fortunate it is that we benighted Canadians should have some far-seeing foreigner to point out our future for us! That the editor of "Town Topics" is no irresponsible person indulging in wild talk can readily be seen by the confidences that he evidently enjoys from Englishmen occupying high positions within the Empire. It is clear that Earl Grey has confided to him that, though he accepted the position as Governor-General, he did not really desire it. Is it not possible that the influence of the painstaking editor was brought to bear on the unwilling Earl and that acceptance naturally followed?

Over the Hotel Register.

"WELL, if Johnny Jones isn't here! I wonder where he ever scrapes up enough to pay his board!

"And here's Dicky Wynder, too. If he paid even a fraction of what he owes he wouldn't be spending his vacation at a first-class hotel.

"The Misses Blodgett. We'll be sure to be kept right up to date with all the scandal now.

"Mrs. Gownley. I wonder how she gets her dresses. They say there isn't a dressmaker in town who'll trust her for another cent.

"Miss Gownley. How dare she show her face here again, after the way she carried on with young Goslyn last year?

"Oh, here are the Rundouns. Everybody is speculating about who's who, for it's perfectly apparent he can't possibly afford to dress her the way she dresses.

"J. Wright Roilly. They say he's absolutely unscrupulous, and his treatment of his wife is a notorious scandal.

"Mrs. Fyrflie. I suppose her poor husband is just killing himself in the hot city so she can have a good time.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lipsitt. Have you heard the awfully ugly rumors about the way they treat each other?

"Jimmy Goslyn. Wonder how many times they'll have to put him out of the cafe this year?

"Egerly Edgerby. Humph! I might have expected it when I saw that Mrs. Rundoun was here.

"Mrs. Lassau. Well, if that little widow isn't married before the summer is over I miss my guess.

"Well, dear, I'm awfully glad to see there's so many nice people here.

"Yes, indeed. It's always so much pleasanter to feel you're among friends than a lot of strangers you really don't know anything about."

THE LAST ARRIVAL.

Quartette in the Rear —Gosh! It's queer how that fellow butts in everywhere.

More About Beck.

THE latest development in the now celebrated Beck case is the apology of Sir Forrest Fulton, the judge who sentenced Beck at his first trial in 1896, and who as counsel for the Crown conducted the prosecution of John Smith, the real criminal, in 1877. The judge's explanation and defence of his conduct occupies a column and a quarter in the London "Times" and thus concludes:

"Mr. Beck had on overwhelming evidence the fairest of all possible trials. . . . It was never suggested that Beck had any alibi as to any of the ten charges laid against him in the indictment which I tried, and I thought that the defence were seeking to draw the jury away from the real issue—viz., whether all or any of the ten charges laid in the indictment were proved—by calling an alibi as to something not in issue before them. . . . I considered this issue was wholly immaterial, and, in accordance with the well-known rule of law, I excluded the evidence. It only could be material on the assumption that the man who committed the one crime must have committed the other, and upon this point I was of opinion there was no sort of proof before me."

This "explanation" must strike any fair-minded person as utterly absurd. Sir Forrest Fulton had before him the evidence that had been brought out in the Police Court, wherein witnesses for the Crown had sworn that they recognized John Smith in the person of Adolf Beck—and the handwriting expert had positively sworn that the writing on the bogus cheques of 1877—which was definitely known to be the work of Smith—was done by the same hand as that which drew the bogus cheques which Beck was accused of passing. How, with this record of the Police Court evidence before him, could he regard the efforts of the defence to prove an alibi as an attempt to confuse the issue, and as such to be overruled? It seems almost certain that the judge in this case was as determined to secure a conviction as were the police officers.

Let it be clearly noted that Sir Forrest Fulton refused to regard Adolf Beck as John Smith when such a stand would have assured the immediate acquittal of the innocent prisoner, and yet, when Beck was convicted, the judge signed an order for his imprisonment which contained a statement that he was the man who had been convicted in 1877! From this it would seem that judge and prosecution worked together to secure a conviction by labelling Beck as Smith when it was convenient to do so, and taking the label off whenever it would be likely to enable the victim to escape.

One of Sir Forrest Fulton's reasons for regarding Beck as guilty was that the prisoner was a person who was "glad to borrow five shillings." Surely this is an overwhelming reason why a man should be guilty of stealing rings from women of the street! But even this statement of the judge in reference to Mr. Beck's monetary means is entirely false—and Sir Forrest Fulton should have known it to be false, if he had taken the trouble to read the report of the constable who arrested Beck in 1896. The constable's report to his superiors reads:

"I searched him, and found on him this brown leather pocket-book, with silver mounting and the initials 'A. B.,' a £10 note, a £5 note, an Army and Navy Stores ticket, 30s. in gold, 2s. 6d. in silver, a knife, a tobacco-box, and some visiting cards with the name of 'A. Beck, 139 Victoria street.' He gave his name and address before I found the cards. . . . I looked through all the papers at the prisoner's address; I made very careful search to try and find some cheques. I found no paper with the name and address of any woman, no cheque and no bill form. I have been in this case throughout. No single article of property belonging to any of the ten different women has been traced to the prisoner's possession."

That doesn't look very much as if the prisoner was a man who "was glad to borrow five shillings," nor does it look like abject poverty when he paid his lawyer more than fifteen hundred dollars for defending him.

I have given but two samples of the judge's variety of excuse. The whole column and a quarter which he takes up in the "Times" is made up of a most wearisome number of like attempts to wriggle, dodge, bluff and explain his bungling away.

So far the authorities of the Home Office have not followed Sir Forrest Fulton's plan of endeavoring to explain responsibility away. They still maintain a cautious silence, neither denying nor admitting anything, though the entire press of Great Britain is demanding that a most sweeping investigation be at once ordered. The warmest friends of the Government explain this inactivity by pointing out that it is necessary for the officials to make themselves thoroughly familiar with all the facts connected with the case—for otherwise they would not be able to order an enquiry that could guard against the possibility of certain unsatisfactory departments escaping overhauling. The critics of the Government, on the other hand, hold that the Home Secretary is taking every precaution to prevent any damaging testimony against his various departments from coming out—in other words, that he is trying to cover up anything that is likely to prove unpleasant. It would seem that the latter explanation of the delay is the more likely. There is also a rumor at present going the rounds of the English papers that the Home Office, aided by Scotland Yard, is endeavoring to trump up another charge against Mr. Beck, not at all connected with the frauds of John Smith, but concerning Beck's numerous business transactions before his arrest and subsequent imprisonment. Whether there is any truth in this rumor is not at present known; but it is significant that Beck has gone on a "holiday" trip to his home in Norway. Evidently he is taking no chances of undergoing any further experiences with English justice.

It is safe to predict that later developments in this case will be of a nature likely to make necessary further "explanations" by Sir Forrest Fulton and other—and higher—officials responsible for the administration of the laws of Great Britain.

JAQUES.

(Note.—The two previous articles concerning this celebrated case appeared in the "Saturday Night" issues of September 3rd and 10th.—Ed.)

The Code of Honor.

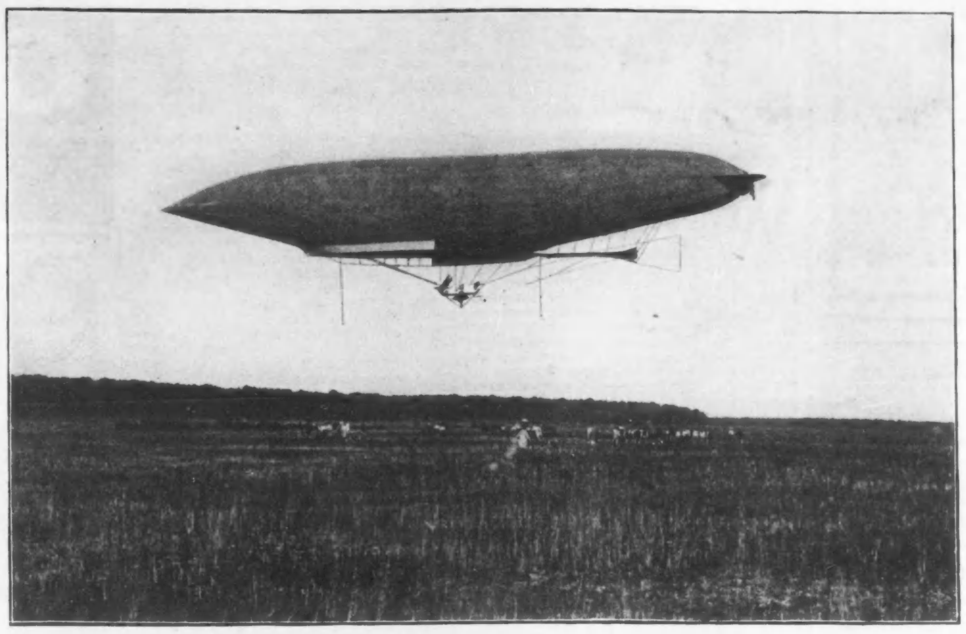
"WHAT is honor? A word. What is that word, honor? Air. A trim reckoning!—who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday." So fat Jack Falstaff. Honor, indeed, is a mere scutcheon—a breath of air—nothing—but withal it is the strongest ethical force, the only observed code of morals in modern society. We may laugh with Falstaff, but our thoughts run rather with Harry Percy, whose honor was his life and who bethought:

"It were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks."

In theory Christendom accepts the ten commandments as the rule of moral conduct, but in practice it is the code of honor, not that of Moses, that we follow. The code of honor is an historical growth; a set of unformulated rules, whose only sanction is public opinion, and yet which are inveterated in Western civilization. Unlike the code of Moses the code of honor is practicable and not too difficult for ordinary human nature. It does not set its ideals high, but holds them within reach. It is lenient toward human weakness, especially of the flesh. Lying it does not prohibit except in special circumstances. Honor allows a man to lie, even upon oath, to save a woman's name, but forbids him to lie in order to injure another person or to save himself from answering for his own actions. Honor prohibits theft of any sort and binds a man to a stricter punctiliousness in this regard than the Mosaic commandment, for there are ways of getting money which do not violate the commandment and yet are frowned upon by honor. Honor, above all, forbids cowardice, moral or physical, and imposes the deepest dye of turpitude on any kind of sneaking. A man's valor and a woman's virtue are the two points of greatest concern to honor, and about these two points the code of honor turns.

The code of honor is not logical. In respects it is contradictory. Any theologian can tear it to pieces. It is open to the ridicule of a Falstaff and the sneers of a cynic. Perhaps, in part, it rests on hypocrisy. Perhaps it lays too much stress on some virtues and not enough on others. But there is this main thing to say about honor—it has power to keep men straight when the laws of Church and State are impotent.

Gerald—I claim to be a gentleman. Geraldine—But we all haven't your imagination.



Lebaudy's latest airship in full flight at a height of 120 feet.

"La Jaune," the Latest Lebaudy Dirigible Balloon.

THE new "Yellow," the latest balloon of 1904, the property and invention of the Lebaudys, and the one that is entered in the St. Louis races, made its first free ascension late last month. At six o'clock on the morning of its ascent, the aeronaut, Juchmes, made his preparations. After a minute inspection had been made of all the most important details, the dirigible balloon was taken from its shed into the sunlight to be warmed for a quarter of an hour before making the ascent. Then it was towed to the usual point of departure, where it was anchored. The guide rope was hauled into the basket, the motor started, and at three minutes past eight Mr. Juchmes gave the command to "let go." The yellow balloon rose slowly to an altitude of about 120 feet, where it found its equilibrium, then pointed steadily toward the south-east against the wind which, although very gentle at the surface of the ground, had a speed of from 24 to 25 feet per second where the balloon was floating.

This first ascension was made in order to try the new improvements which had been made on this model and to find out how they affected the balloon. It was the first experiment with the balloon free, and for that reason Mr. Juchmes was satisfied merely to perform a few evolutions above the neighboring island of Moisson, for a few minutes only and at a moderate speed.

This trial was sufficient to discover that the new "Yellow" has an excellent horizontal dirigibility on account of its new rudder, which is larger than the old one. At the same time its stability, which was very good during the previous year, has been greatly improved by the vertical planes. The "ventilator," which is driven by the engine and which makes it possible to pump air into the compensating chamber, and, in consequence, to weight the balloon at will in order to descend, is a new device which worked very well. Because of the action of this ventilator the balloon is completely under control, so far as the altitude is concerned at which it may be required to navigate.

At a quarter past eight, after having performed several evolutions with remarkable ease, the new balloon returned to its exact point of departure. The descent was made by the aid of the ventilator until within ninety feet of the ground. Then the guide rope was brought into use and the balloon drawn to earth by the workmen.

In this first ascension the aeronaut, Mr. Juchmes, was assisted by a mechanic and a ropeman who had charge of the various planes. Mr. Paul Lebaudy and the engineer, Julliot, were present at these trials. This performance of the new balloon is the first free ascension of a dirigible balloon in 1904 in all Europe.

A few days after the first ascent, "La Jaune" narrowly escaped destruction. The aeronaut, Juchmes, made an ascent at Moisson, but was obliged to come down because of the gale that was blowing. After the descent the balloon was fastened to a tree, and while there was no one in it, it tore loose and rose to a considerable height, then drifted toward the sea. Several automobiles started in pursuit of the balloon, which descended at Serquiguy, forty-four miles away from the scene of the ascent. It caught in the trees, but was not seriously injured, although a number of repairs had to be made in the bag.

The Feminine Club.

SOME years ago Mrs. Alec Tweedie, who was writing letters for an English "magazine for ladies," and who in the course of her pilgrimage came to Canada, stated that a striking feature among the women of the country is the absence of the club. She is quite correct in the observation, as any Canadian woman who has lived in either England or the United States and has keenly realized our comparatively clubless condition will readily testify. As might be expected, the United States possesses the most imposing and most influential feminine organizations.

But a feature of women's work in the smaller United States cities is the book club, which is interesting not only for its excellencies, but for its vagaries. The book club, be it remarked, is on a lower level than any of the patriotic societies, such as the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames, which are to be mentioned with bated breath in a land which recognizes that all women are born free and superior. The receptions given by the various chapters are usually extremely luxurious, the marvelous gowns and smilax-wreathed tables adorned with American Beauties being of a sumptuousness that would have startled and alarmed the severely plain ladies who sailed on the "Mayflower."

But the book club, while it contributes to "culchaw," sometimes assumes a fearsome aspect which gives occasion for many a shaft from George Ade. I have a programme of the season's work from one of these worthy societies in a city somewhat smaller than Toronto. The dear ladies are going to devote the autumn and winter to a study of Germany, meaning thereby the history, art, philosophy, literature and religion of the Kaiser's Empire. Truly this is a wide prospect for one winter's work, but it may be that ladies rush in and club where savants would fear to tread. I remember attending a meeting held by a club of this serious nature when Tolstoi was supposed to be the subject of an afternoon's discussion. In the early stages of the proceedings some one inadvertently mentioned "The Kreutzer Sonata," whereupon a pale spinster with goggles declared it was an improper book which no lady could afford to admit having read. The essayist of the occasion turned a lovely rose color and said things about narrow-minded people who were behind the times, and there ensued a cheerful little war which was worth many literary reflections, and ended only with the appearance of the refreshments, which were the most suitable viands imaginable, with caviare sandwiches and something dispensed from a real live samovar. No, we have not the feminine book club yet, but when we have the money Canadian women also shall have their Gorky societies and their Ibsen associations.

CANADIENNE.

Madge—Of course, you're pretty, but how do you know you will be the belle of the beaches this season?

Marjorie—Why, isn't Charlie a summer resort correspondent?

What Readers Undergo.

Veracious Extracts from Columns of a Daily.

RUSSIANS UTTERLY ANNIHILATED.

Japs Slaughter 80,000.

Chefoo, Sept. 7.—A wonderful battle raged here all day to

(Continued on Page 13.)

JUMPED A THOUSAND YARDS.

Hurled Himself Over Pike's Peak—Asks for Favorite Breakfast Food.

Colorado Springs, Sept. 7.—With a wild maniacal shriek

(Continued on Page 8.)

GIANTS WALLOP PIRATES.

Mathewson a Lallycooper—Pirates on the Kinkydink.

New York.

The score:

	R.	1.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Browne, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0

(Continued on last page.)

—"Town Topics."

It looks as if Laurier were going to the country.

Two Negatives.

THERE is a woman writer who has a gentle weakness for telling about a New England spinster bearing a startling resemblance to Euclid's definition of a line, who is engaged for years and years to a worthy young man who is in the shoe business and who is prevented from entering upon the holy estate of matrimony by the necessity of providing for infirm parents or an ailing aunt. In the course of time or eternity the encumbrance is removed and then the lover finds that he is profoundly in love with a younger and a fairer maiden, usually the niece of the fiancee of his salad days. Now Mary E. Wilkins, as most people still call her, would find a romance quite after her own fashion if she were to visit the small Ontario town of Camden, which is just about four miles from Lake Erie and not many leagues from the Detroit River. It seems to be the proper thing to inform the reader when a printed narrative is founded on fact, although I never could see the reason for falling into such statements. But I hasten to follow the example of my betters and solemnly assure those whose patience has carried them thus far that David Matthews and Martha Hume are living unto this day in the extremely dull town of Camden, and that their story is even as I set it forth.

Martha is one of the best milliners between St. Thomas and Detroit, and it is her valiant efforts with wire and ribbon, to say nothing of chiffon, which have kept the proverbial wolf entirely clear of the small cottage in which she and "the Widow Hume" have lived ever since Martha was a very small girl. In fact, so successful has Martha been in manufacturing the headgear of feminine Camden that the wolf has never come within howling distance of the white verandah, and Miss Martha Hume is treated with deep respect in the Empire Bank, where she has a rapidly growing account. But while Miss Martha's shop is at least twice in the year an object of absorbing interest to the women of Camden and the surrounding townships, it is Miss Martha's romance which has made her a kind of local curiosity.

Twelve years ago, when Martha weighed twenty pounds less than she does to-day, the people of Knox Church began to notice how faithfully David Matthews kept watch at the church door and how eager he was to join the "leading alto" as soon as her pale blue ribbons made their appearance. The devotion of Mr. Matthews was not a matter of surprise, for Martha had a remarkably fresh complexion as well as a mellow voice and a talent for hats. She was already a person of some importance, and when a quartette from the Knox Church choir went out to add to the harmony of country tea-meetings Martha was the most effective member and her voice came out especially strong in such selections as "Moonlight on the Lake." The Knox Church of Camden had long ago been converted to organs and modern anthems, while the quartette was encouraged in its foreign tours to give selections that were surprisingly secular. It was on their return from a tea-meeting in Moortown that David was led to propose that Martha should give up the arduous life of a Camden milliner and devote her energies to making his home blossom like the magenta roses on the bonnets that bloom in the spring. Both David and Martha were practical young persons, and before the Hume cottage was reached they were planning for a vegetable garden and discussing whether the parlor furniture should be olive green or crimson. In the latter arrangement David was peculiarly interested, for he filled an important place in the furniture factory of Rogers Bros. and was almost in a position to buy the "Belton place," which would be sold pretty cheap on account of Jim Belton's being so anxious to leave town.

It was in the days before engagements were announced, but as Martha and her mother discussed matters matrimonial over the breakfast dishes Mrs. Hume said, "I'll just slip over and tell Miss Banks before dinner and then the whole of Camden'll know it by six o'clock." Miss Banks lived faithfully up to her reputation and added such wholly unwarranted information as "the wedding's going to be in May and Martha'll be married in pale blue with forget-me-nots in her hat."

The wedding, as a matter of fact, was arranged for June, but David was seized with an attack of typhoid fever and was not "up and around" until the first week in August. Then Mrs. Hume fell down and hurt her right knee so seriously that Martha suggested the wisdom of waiting until winter was over, as times were bad and the factory was not doing so well. David consented with a degree of sulkiness which led to his absenting himself for two weeks from the Hume household. When he returned on a Tuesday evening he was justly indignant to find that Rev. Henry Walker, the young Baptist minister, had been "taken to board" and was already very much at home, reading nightly choice selections from the Toronto paper and expatiating in an interesting style on Dominion politics to Mrs. Hume, who was a staunch Grit and thought that the country would never be right until "those Tories got their deserts and were put out." Mr. Walker, it is true, was so far imbued with a sense of the fitness of things as to retire with Mrs. Hume to the dining-room and leave David to conciliate his indignant sweetheart, who considered his fortnight's absence an insult which no Camden young woman could lightly forgive. However, he had received a salutary lesson and his visits for the next four months were as frequent as they were uncomfortable, until, at last, Martha openly confessed that her feminine heart had changed ownership and was in possession of the young minister, who had given evidences of his affection but was too honorable to speak out so long as David was the legitimate lover.

Then it was that David's slumbering stubbornness awoke and he declared, with his jaw firmly set, "You can marry the mean critter if you like to break your word. But I have my opinion of a woman who can't keep a promise and of a parson who steals other men's sweethearts." No other answer could have so reached Martha's pride, for the Humes were of a breed that regarded a promise as no light matter.

"If you won't give me back my word," said the girl slowly, "I'll keep it." So she did, and the young Baptist minister went away to Michigan the next month and in the following October married a pretty little girl in Bay City. Martha gave no sign of caring about the sudden wedding, but just before Christmas she declared that she must have a change and went away to London to visit her Aunt Ruth. When she came back she brought her Cousin Bessie, as brown-eyed and fluffy-haired a maiden as ever worked mischief in a quiet household. Bessie set to work upon David's unpromising nature, and Mrs. Hume became uneasy when she saw that David was bringing Bessie bags of chocolates (bonbon boxes were unknown in Camden) and that her niece's visit was lengthening into months.

"I don't care," said Martha stonily, "and if I don't mind, you needn't."

There was a triumphant glitter, however, in Martha's eyes when David, with much stammering, made it plain that he had transferred his allegiance to the vivacious Bessie.

"You don't care for me," he said sullenly; "you'd be much happier if I wasn't around at all."

"That's not the question, David Matthews. You threw it up to me that I wanted to break my word and now you want to do worse, for it was you who did the asking. You're not going to have Bessie, for I've scared her out of it and she's going back to London to-morrow." Bessie, who really regarded David as a rather tiresome young man, had been effectually alarmed by her strenuous relative, and departed in haste, leaving David in a mood to curse the young parson for not having played the unclerical part of Lochinvar.

This happened ten years ago and David and Martha are still engaged, although the latter refuses to "name the day" and David, it must be admitted, has ceased to be urgent and never refers to the parlor furniture. The pastor of Knox Church no longer wonders what his fee will be, and even Miss Banks has given up idle speculation as to the trimming on the wedding gown. Mrs. Hume silences all neighborly curiosity with the dignified declaration, "Well, I'm sure if they're satisfied other folks have no reason to complain."

CANADIENNE.

Jottings of an Old Maid.

It is easier to live without a man than with one.

A hasty marriage is the root of all evil.

He who believes he understands all things, let him study woman.

The man who marries for a pretty face very often becomes a confirmed dyspeptic.

It is cheaper to get married than to pay a good housekeeper.

Wherever the Union Jack Waves

Hunyadi János Natural Laxative Mineral Water

is looked upon as the standard cure for

CONSTIPATION

Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is noted for the fatherly interest that he takes in the members of the clergy; but with it all he has the faculty of administering a rebuke when it is necessary in a shrewd, kindly way. One of the clergymen who has a parish on the outskirts of the Quaker City was noted for the long periods of absence that he took from his parish; in fact, it occurred so often that it became a matter of common talk. One day this man called on the Archbishop and asked for a month's leave of absence, saying that the doctor had recommended a change of air and scene. The Archbishop looked up with a quizzical look in his eye and said: "Well, I make the suggestion that you go to your parish and stay there. I think that would be a complete change of air and scenery."

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Ex-Senator Pritchard of North Carolina, whose marriage to a Washington woman occurred just before the last Christmas holidays, recently related this incident to one of Mrs. Pritchard's schoolgirl friends: Having an engagement with some politicians at the New Willard Hotel, the Senator asked that dinner be had a little earlier than usual, whereupon Mrs. Pritchard gave orders that it be served at once. One of the meat courses was baked chicken, of which the Senator is particularly fond. After making a gallant effort to masticate a piece of chicken breast, Mr. Pritchard placed his knife and fork on his plate, and, smilingly looking up at his wife, said: "My dear, this chicken is but half cooked." "I am sorry, Senator," said Mrs. Pritchard, "but as I don't need much, we'll just eat the half that's cooked."

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The late James T. Lewis, war Governor of Wisconsin, took a deep interest in bombastic and hifalutin rhetoric. He knew by heart a number of political speeches of the absurdest kind, and to hear him quote these speeches was amusing, for he injected into their delivery not a little mock fire and fury. One of the speeches in Mr. Lewis's collection was made in the Lincoln campaign. Its climax ran: "Build a worm fence around a winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-sluice an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a lid on the crater of an active volcano; hive all the stars in a nail-keg; hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry; put the sky to soak in a gourd; nail up eternity in a woodshed, and paste 'To let' signs on the sun and moon; but never—never for a moment, sir—delude yourself with the idea that any ticket or party can beat ourn."

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John Jacob Astor was talking at the Newport reading-room about the humor of the college boy. "My class at Harvard was '88," Mr. Astor said, "and we had in '88 a typical college humorist. He and I, one autumn day, took a long walk in the country. At noon we stopped for luncheon at a little inn. We were placed at a long table with a dozen persons, and plates of a liquid that was called pea soup were set before us. In my soup there was not a pea, but in my friend's there was one. He, all of a sudden, startled everybody by leaping up, peeling off his coat, beginning, as it seemed, a regular disrobing act. 'Here,' said I, 'what are you about?' 'Why,' said he, unfastening his necktie, 'I am going in after that pea.'"

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Congressman Stephenson told this one: Willie Stinson, while editor of a paper at Ashland, Wis., fell in love with the step-daughter of the publisher. The old man tried in vain to get rid of Stinson, and finally discharged him. Stinson went to Milwaukee and worked there for about three months. The young woman explained to all friends that the engagement was dissolved. Finally Stinson went back to Ashland by a country road on horseback. He drove to the Congregational church, where the pretty step-daughter of the publisher met him. She was surrounded by numerous girl friends. Stinson had been recognized by several people as he rode to the church, and he was in a hurry to have the ceremony performed. "Do you want the complete service?" enquired the minister. "Cut it down to a stick," replied Stinson, in printers' English. The preacher was amazed; but he understood and soon the knot was tied.

•

The recent death of Wilson Barrett, the English actor, reminds me of this story I once heard told by a theatrical man from London: Sir Henry Irving, happening to meet Barrett one day, remarked, with the Irving manner: "Ah, Barrett, what have you been playing?" "'Hamlet,' answered Barrett, with the Barrett manner. "'Hamlet'!" grunted Henry. "Yes," said Barrett. The Irving sound from Sir Henry. "I say, Irving," said Barrett, a bit nettled, "do you think that you are the only actor that can play 'Hamlet'?" "No," replied Irving, quickly, "no, Barrett, my boy, but I know that you are the only actor who can't."

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"A set of mendicants now infest the metropolis and rouse the feelings of the public by writing an exaggerated account of their distresses upon the pavements, and it would appear they succeed in obtaining more by these practices than by industrious habits, if the following statements be correct: One of these fellows, named Francis Fletcher, was on Monday last taken before the magistrates at Queen Square Police Office, when it was said that he belonged to a gang of these 'pavement chalkers,' who, in the evening, change their dress, and, with their ladies, enjoy themselves over a good supper, brandy-and-water, segars, &c. That in the winter time, when their situations appear most distressing, they often succeeded in procuring from passengers as much as ten shillings a day, and the average earnings of these fellows is calculated by an intelligent officer of police at about ten shillings per diem. This would make £20 a day for the forty, and no less a sum than £7,300 a year. Fletcher said he was a japanner by trade, but out of work, and that if he were discharged he would quit London. He was, however, so well known as an old offender that the magistrates sent him to the treadmill for fourteen days."—The "Standard," July 9, 1829.

"At a dinner lately given at Calais by M. Mengaud to the new Prefect the following toasts were given: 'To the men who shall execute the vast project of placing French and English in their due and respective positions.' 'To the barrack-master who shall issue the first billets of lodgment at Dover.' 'To the first review of the French troops in St. James's Park.'"—"St. James's Chronicle," July 5, 1803.

"A fire broke out at Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales. A strong force, numbering between forty and fifty, was quickly mustered from the stables, and employed in putting hose to the roof, and in the meantime energetic efforts were made by the servants of the household and others to check the progress of the fire; and to do this air was excluded from the place as much as possible, while water from a large tank on the roof was poured in abundance on all the places apparently in danger. All worked vigorously enough, but few with such ardor as the Prince of Wales himself. He was on the spot immediately, and, seeing the urgency of the case, threw off coat and waistcoat and worked most diligently. Some had fears that the fire had spread under the roof, and an entrance was made there. The Prince headed the party, and, failing to keep to the rafters, he put his foot through the lath and plaster, and was in peril of going through the ceiling to the room beneath. Several engines arrived, but by the exertions of the Prince and the people by whom he was assisted, the fire was all but extinguished before they came up."—"Annual Register," July 4, 1865.

"It is only right that intending suicides should be aware of their chances of escape after they have once entrusted themselves to the waters of the Thames. Many persons who throw themselves over Waterloo Bridge are doubtless under the impression that society is wholly interested in saving them from the consequence of their own act. This is not wholly true. Those who have most opportunity of rescuing drowning people in the River Thames are the boatmen at the water side, and these men have no special inducement for saving life. Some inquiries amongst watermen have lately been communicated to us, from which it appears that it is to their interest to permit the suicide to complete itself before making any intervention. One of these men has said that for saving life they get no reward, while, he added, in expressive phrase, "If it is a dead 'un, we're all right." The meaning of the assurance is simply this: If the boatmen pick up a dead body, the coroner at the inquest orders a small reward to be given; but if the unfortunate victim is still alive, no reward is forthcoming from any source."—"Globe," July 14, 1874.

"The warrants of her Majesty's tradesmen are all suspended until after the Westminster election, in order that they may not be coerced, as has been the case on similar occasions. The Comptroller is, of course, a Whig."—"John Bull," July 15, 1837.

"Lord Wellington is said to have thus addressed Major Fremantle on the departure of that officer from Spain: 'Go, my friend; I wish you a speedy passage. But it is probable that I shall be in France as soon as you arrive in England, and thence you may expect to hear from me next.'"—"Bell's Weekly Messenger," July 11, 1813.

"A violent dispute is said to have arisen between the lawyers and the tailors, owing to the practice that is now generally carried on among the latter of carrying their work in bags which are exactly similar in make and color to the bags the former carry down to Westminster Hall. The lawyers plead ancient custom in favor of an exclusive privilege; the tailors set up modern usage. The legal gentlemen say that theirs is a profession of eminence and of great utility to the community; the sons of the shears insist upon it that their pursuits are much more calculated to improve the happiness of men of all descriptions. The lawyers further urge that it is by their professional exertions men are covered from the attempts of fraud; the tailors rejoin that they do much more, for they cover men's backs."—"Evening Post," July 14, 1804.

"On Monday evening a singular circumstance took place at Redruth. About seven o'clock the main street of that town was visited by a shower of small yellow flies, which fell so thick as to cause great annoyance to persons walking there at the time. They bit or stung severely the faces and hands of those on whom they alighted. It is rather singular that they confined their visitation to the High street alone."—Plymouth "Journal," Monday, July 29, 1837.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

Down the Labrador.

We were talking about the Labrador trip when a lady asked suddenly: "What had you to eat? Salt pork and cod, I suppose." That was her idea of roughing it. The cook on the ex-sealer would have indignantly repudiated her remark, for he rather fancied himself, and got up some wonderful desserts, the piece de resistance of such being a light and airy sponge pudding which masqueraded under many an alias. It was "black cap" when the bottom of the mould was strewn with dried currants; plum, when the raisins maintained respectful distances from one another, and cabinet when the fruit wasn't in evidence. It came on with the unblushing effrontery of a hardened criminal, careless whether one knew of its falseness. There was excellent provision for healthy appetites and it was a shame to call the nice biscuits "sinkers," as we did. Those who imagine that roughing it meant salt junk and desiccated cod, should feast on caribou brown stew and freshly jigged flounders, who come up on the jigger with the most amazed look on their popping brown eyes, as much as to say: "Gracious! What's got me now?" The sport of jigging for fish is very primitive—a cruel bunch of hooks and a pretty silver fish on one end of the line, and you or I slowly jerking at the other. No bait, only the curiosity of cod or flounder or some less edible sea creature, and the little spinning silver fish. They have a slang expression hereabouts for the playful soul who tells vain tales to deceive "He's only codding," but down the Labrador one hears, "Quit jigging!" when a fisherman tells doubtful yarns. Many a whiskery sculpin, a good flat flounder or a stray unwary cod was jigged to the deck of the ex-sealer on the way down the Labrador.

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Beyond the post-office below, there was a certain mysterious room which became a very chamber of horrors to me before many days. When the ship anchored and sent up her deep bellowing whistles, boats would slip out from the land, from "bankers" filled with cod, or whalers rocking on the waves, and two, three, half a dozen fisher or sailor men would come scrambling up the ship's side. A bandaged hand had one, and worn, sleepless eyes and lines of agony on the brow. "No rest for four nights with a blood-poisoned hand," was the word passed around. And into the chamber of horrors went he. A burly young giant tumbled up the side with a face all askew, and presently from the chamber of horrors came a yell that told how long were the roots and how good was the doctor's muscle. The giant stumbled back to his boat with his hand on his jaw, but a teary relief in his eyes and a molar carefully wrapped in a scrap of paper. A little lad, well dressed and intelligent, came on at day dawn, en route for one of the shore hospitals, with sixty dog-bites on his small body. Do you wonder I hated those Huskie dogs? All sorts of aches and pains real and assumed, had the sailor and fisher-folk, and once a scared man made off with our doctor, and we waited long for his return. When he came he laughed and said, "A bully boy—and all's well," and, sleepless but untiring, started to alleviate the sufferings of a patient group of men who had recognized a greater need than theirs, and even grinned pleasantly at the doctor's remark. The knife was sometimes and the lancet often in use in the chamber of horrors, and it was good to hear a hearty "Thank you, sir, and God bless you!" from an enormous fisherman who had left a section of a crushed finger in that weird little room, but took with him a cheery philosophy culled from the abundance of our doctor's sympathy and hope and courage. Whenever it was possible some of us went ashore in the mail-boat and missed the doings related above, but it has happened that one was in the midst of dinner when the chamber of horrors was doing a rushing business, and some places became speedily vacant at the first sound of protesting pain. There were exciting times when a big sea was on and it was a matter of patience and skill to get on or off the vessel, but the fascination of studying the "toilers of the deep" generally brought some of us out on the heaving deck before the groups of men scrambled up from their boats for letters or attendance. They were not beautiful, these chaps who people the Labrador for four months or less each summer, but their strong, tense faces, keen eyes and quick alertness had charm.

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There came a day and an opportunity to spend some time in a small settlement near the end of our northward journey, when I had become exasperated to the point of madness by glimpses of the shore life, a peep into houses, a short chat with inhabitants, and nothing more. Therefore, when the customs officer, who had business at Hopedale, suggested that I should get off and spend a few days with the Moravian missionaries there, I was in the humor to take his advice. It was Sunday, calm and bright, when I was given into the care of those dear people. A little, wise, blue-eyed, golden-haired "Hausmutter" received me with simple courtesy, her pretty little girl clung about her skirts and smiled benignly, and her husband heartily assured me that "it was a pleasure." What could be nicer than such a reception in this far, wild shore land? The ex-sealer sailed away further north, unregretted, and I became one of the family with the freedom of the Mission house, and the privilege of making acquaintance with the Eskimo congregation, their babies, dogs, and creeping things innumerable. It is a very sweet memory which time only makes clearer, that two days in the Mission. In the evening of Sunday, after I had walked on the formal "jubilee walk" and climbed to the top of "Devil Mountain," with "Ship's Hall" and "Lookout," the sister peaks, on either side, the "Hausmutter" invited me to go in to the sacrament service, held quarterly in the Mission church. She was utterly lovable in her matron's cap, with its pale blue ribbons (the Moravian headdress for the sacred occasion), and we in vain tried to get the mate to it over my ungodly "pomp." The head missionary's wife, the Hausmutter, and I occupied raised seats on the left of the preacher, and facing us on the sanded floor were some score of Eskimo women, the matrons wearing the proper caps and blue bows, and the one spinster a pink bow. On the other side were the "Huskie" men, very serious and attentive, and ushered to their places by the most important functionary imaginable, the chapel servant, or sexton. The chorals sung were quite a revelation, the full sweet tone and devotional expression being very fine. Twice during the service the pretty Hausmutter kissed me, and I kissed the head missionary's wife; all the Huskie women kissed one another and all the men did likewise. Anywhere else it would have been funny, but such an atmosphere of earnest reverence pervaded the chapel that it did not strike me so. The Mission gardens are full of fine flowers, blooming their best in the short summer; wild places teem with bake apples—a raspberry-like fruit from which luscious jam is made; blueberries, softly bloomed and very juicy; wild rasps; squashberries, prettiest of all fruits, something between a currant and a cranberry, which make very fine jelly; such are some of the small things one finds afield. You who like mushrooms would be glad to wander a bit past the Mission garden and find great plenty of the little umbrellas, with now and then a huge one. And the flora are exquisite and interesting, made more so by the fact that the head missionary is as expert a botanist as he is a physician. Pink and yellow, mauve and white are the tiny flowers, the scarlet being supplied by the brilliant pigeonberries, bunchberries, and the salmon tint by each cosy little bake apple squatting in its separate nest of tinted raspberry-like leaves, very snug and close to mother earth.

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The Eskimo women in their shacks embroider and sew very neatly, with the thimble on the index instead of second finger. One old dame completed me a weird garment on short notice, and was very glad of the price. Dressed grey sealskins may be had at real bargain prices as well as sealskin slippers (fifty cents and unwearoutable), ivory doglets an inch long, with many grotesque birds, beasts and fish that Eskimo imagination evolves. A smiling young woman leading an absurd toddling baby in skin boots and hooded coat paused to gaze at us as we poked and pried. I asked her what she would take for the baby. The interpreter hesitated seriously. "She has but one; the dogs ate the other," he said aside. And so it was! The Hausmutter, happening to glance out, saw the Mission dogs worrying something. It never occurred to her that poor Judith's empty baby-wagon had any significance, but when Judith's wild scream rent the air and the startled dogs slunk away, there were just three tiny bones lying on the snow! Now, do you wonder I hated those dogs? Judith never lets Sabina (she of the long boots) out of her arm's length now. Of course these Mission dogs were promptly hung, as earnest of sympathy.

LADY GAY.

A Rehabilitated Healer.

Time was when the barber was not a mere manipulator of the brush and razor, but a chirurgeon, and the time has almost come again. History is repeating itself on a higher plane.

Men who are in the know regard an up-to-date barber as a friend in need, and look upon his studio as a shelter in a time of storm. When a good fellow has been celebrating a birthday or a high rite of the mystic shrine, it is not to the family physician he tells his sorrows, but to George the barber. When it comes to knitting up the raveled sleeve of care and smoothing down a frayed nervous system, the expert barber has the whole college of physicians and surgeons cuticled from the start.

One morning an actor who was "resting" and had sat up most of the previous night with a sick friend, bulged through the door of a barber-shop and, catching the appropriate pose, rumbled at the chief expert—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?"

"Sure, I can," said George without batting an eyelid at this Macbeth gag. "What you need is to have your face manicured, your brain massaged, and your subconsciousness shampooed. We will begin with a hot towel on the back of your neck, and when I have pushed in your whiskers I'll put you through the course, and have you wind up by inhaling a lavender cocktail."

Twenty minutes later that young man was feeling like a man and a brother, and as he paid the fee he listened to the good advice regarding the liquid part of his diet with the deference due to an authority. There is no question about it—the barber is more than coming to his own. He is not a mere chirurgeon, but an alienist.

Chips.

The fact that a poet's nose is red is no guarantee that his verses are.

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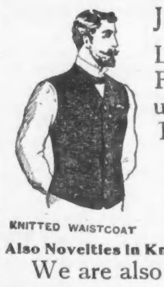

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Literary Comment.

THOSE who are the firmest admirers of Mr. F. Marion Crawford when he is at his best, regret that he has written so much and that he writes so easily. There is a kind of facile expression which is fatal to the highest work, and Mr. Crawford possesses this common-place facility. His "Dr. Isaacs" was so well done that it is matter for regret that it has had so many weak successors. The quartette of which "Sant Ilario" is the most striking volume has perhaps been the most popular of his Italian productions. United States critics, who are always looking for "the great American novel," thought at one time that F. Marion Crawford might be its author, but have quite given themselves up to a series of mediocre Italian yarns. Mr. Crawford, who has Latin blood in his veins, has fallen under the spell of Italy, which occasionally seizes with irresistible force a writer from the prosaic West. Even Hawthorne succumbed for a while, and wrote the weird story of "The Marble Faun," which is more delicately unusual than "The Scarlet Letter." But Mr. Crawford has drunk a deep draught from the waters of the Fountain of Trevi and is enthusiastically fond of his adopted country. Those who read "Ave Roma Immortalis" wish that he would write another such sketch of a great historic city, for we have many novelists, but few writers, who can enter with such complete dramatic sympathy into the life of a great metropolis as Mr. Crawford shows in his vivid pictures of the changing scenes in the most interesting city of the world. The new novel by this writer, who often displays an artistic choice of titles, is called "Whoever Shall Offend." Perhaps his most felicitous title was "A Rose of Yesterday," which was recognized by most readers as a clipping from the "Rubaiyat."

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, who will always be known to literature by her peculiar maiden name, although she is now Mrs. Selden Bacon, has been an eminently successful young woman. About five years ago she wrote a book called "Smith College Stories," published by "Scribner's," which was recognized as extremely clever and original work. Then she became a contributor to "McClure's Magazine," writing a series of delightful yarns about children, afterwards published as "The Madness of Philip." Her most successful book is her latest, "Memoirs of a Baby," which ran as a serial in "Harper's Bazar." An almost incredible story is told with regard to Miss Daskam's literary career. It is said that she has never known the experience of having a manuscript returned. Think of a comparatively young writer who has found a cheque invariably resulting from a manuscript sent forth "with stamps for return of the same!" Think of an aspirant to literary fame who knows nothing of the depression following the receipt of a little blue slip conveying the information that the stuff may have literary merit but is unavailable for all that! Miss Daskam's latest magazine effort is rather a departure from her beaten track of short stories and bits of rhyme. As most readers of modern magazines are aware, that lady of unrest, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, wrote an article entitled "Why is American Literature Bourgeois?" for the "North American Review," in which she seemed to consider that "American" writers are altogether too proper and decorous to be worthy of consideration as "strong" literary forces. Miss Daskam has replied in an article "Is American Literature Bourgeois?" which is admirable for its sturdy common sense and sly humor. The masculine critics who may have expected and hoped to see this feminine discussion exhibit feline qualities, have been disappointed, at least so far as Miss Daskam is concerned. Here is a paragraph from her spirited opening: "If Mrs. Atherton has never read the best work that is being done to-day she is incapable of criticism for an obvious reason; if she has read it and failed to appreciate it she is incompetent on another count; if she has both read and appreciated, and omitted to mention it, she is surely out of court." Her last hit is decidedly emphatic: "If all American fiction is anaemic, some American criticism escapes that adjective. Might we not call it, rather, apoplectic?" We trust that Miss Daskam will keep on writing such satisfactory comment on the Athertonian outbreaks.

Sir Gilbert Parker, probably the most successful of our Canadian novelists, has a new story entitled "A Ladder of Swords," which will soon be on the counters of the book-stores. Its title leads us to expect something gory, and Sir Gilbert is no laggard in describing a fight, as "The Seats of the Mighty" can testify. But of all that he has written "The Battle of the Strong," which is not a story of Canadian life, but of the Channel Islands, remains his best work. Among his Canadian novels, preference is given by many to that brilliant little novel, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac."

There is a novel recently published which reminds one in certain historic situations of this French-Canadian story by Sir Gilbert. I refer to "The Last Hope" by Henry Seton Merriman, whose real name was Hugh Stowell Scott. When the writer died a few months ago, considerable surprise was expressed by the public at the large sum which he had realized from the sale of his novels. But those who have read "The Sowers," "The Slave of the Lamp," "In Kedar's Tents" and half a dozen others, will not begrudge the late Mr. Merriman his thousands of pounds. He could not be placed with such a stylist as Maurice Hewlett; he falls below Eden Phillpotts and Quiller-Couch. But if Dr. Johnson's old saying be true, "a good book is one that makes life more bearable," then Mr. Henry Seton Merriman was a writer of "excellent pith," for he knew how to tell a story. It is true that his characters have a certain sameness, his women especially having a wooden quality that is not exciting. He nearly always has one strong and silent Englishman, who does an astonishing amount of work and hardly ever opens his mouth, except when in the presence of the "roast beef of old England." With most of his readers "Young Mistley" was extremely popular, and if any of his books are read ten years from now it would be safe to wager on "Young Mistley."

"The Last Hope" opens where many novels close, with a scene in the churchyard of Farlingford, a village near the sea, belonging to East Anglia. Two foreigners, the Marquis de Gemosac and Dormer Colville, are looking for the grave of a Frenchman, who had come to Farlingford as a child and had been regarded by the natives as a "mystery." This first chapter is a fine bit of descriptive writing and gives in clear, cold coloring a picture of this remote corner of England where perchance a descendant of kings is buried: "Across the river lay the marshes, unbroken by tree or hedge, barren of even so much as a hut. In the distance, hazy and gray in the eye of the North Sea, a lighthouse stood dimly, like a pillar of smoke. To the south—so far as the eye could pierce the sea-haze—marshes. To the north—where the river ran between bare dykes—marshes. And withal a silence which was only intensified by the steady hum of the wind through the gnarled branches of the few churchyard trees which turn a crouching back toward the ocean. In all the world—save, perhaps, in the Arctic world—it would be hard to find a picture emphasizing more clearly the fact that a man's life is but a small matter, and the memory of it like the seed of grass upon the wind to be blown away and no more recalled."

Merriman has a happy way of describing his characters in such terms as make them stand out like bits of spirited carving: "The Marquis de Gemosac was a little bent man, spare of limb, heavy of shoulder, with snow-white hair against which his skin, brown and wrinkled as a walnut-shell, looked sallow like old ivory. His face was small and aquiline; not the face of a clever man, but clearly the face of an aristocrat." The Marquis and his friend have travelled from France to Farlingford, England, in the year 1850 to find the grave of an unknown Frenchman, and to look on the face of that Frenchman's son. The Marquis gives a sharp little exclamation as the young man, called "Loo Barebone," steps ashore, and the astute reader jumps to Louis Bourbon and makes up his mind that the child who was smuggled out of France "in the din of a troubled year" was a very great personage indeed. The refrain of Loo Barebone's song, "Le hasard seul fait tout," runs through the story as a kind of connecting thread. It is a rather old device to introduce a musical key to the situation, but Merriman uses it artistically. "The Span o' Life" is an instance of the same association and the song may be remembered when the story is forgotten.

There are two countries into which Merriman is fond of making pleasure trips which sometimes turn out to be serious adventures. Russia and France, especially the former, have a fascination for his fancy, and he is unusually successful in his foreign scenes and characters. Occasionally he gives his own country a hard rap, but he has an irritating failing that most critics would call British. He has a fashion of dealing out epigrams in a semi-automatic style, and most of the epigrams are worth remembering. There is a cocksure element in his statements on the most subtle matters that is often the reverse of philosophic or satisfying. He resorts frequently to the use of witty French sayings for his chapter headings, but his own terseness lacks the elements of delicacy and intellectual breadth that make the "maxims" and "pensees" so admirable. This tendency to make black of midnight depth and to make white a dazzling field of snow, ignoring all the grays that may lie between, is shown strongly in his sayings about womankind. There is but one estimable woman, in Merriman's estimation, and she deserves the adjective "estimable," for there is nothing charming about her. She is the "suffer-and-be-strong" kind who sews, spins and economizes, is not often seen, is seldom heard and never yields to a moment's impulse. She is doubtless a woman above rubies, but the average reader craves a little variety even in so insignificant a creature as the heroine.

"The Last Hope" is the name of Captain Clubbe's boat, of which Loo Barebone is steersman. The significance of the title becomes plain when the Marquis de Gemosac takes the young sailor back to France and presents him to the Royalist party as a prince of the Bourbon blood. In his treatment of the conspiracy, if such it can be called, Merriman is serio-comic, the first meeting of the poverty-stricken Royalists being about as absurd as poverty with pretensions can be made. Even the aristocrats themselves appear somewhat ridiculous, Albert de Chantonnay being the most in earnest and the least impressive. This is the characteristic moralizing on his appearance: "The majority of us are unfortunately situated toward the world, as regards personal appearance. Many could pass for great if their physical proportions were less mean. There are thousands of worthy and virtuous young men who never receive their due in social life because they have red hair or stand four-feet-six high, or happen to be the victim of an inefficient dentist. The world, it would seem, does not want virtue or solid worth. It prefers appearance to either." But as the plot thickens, to use the conventional phrase suggestive of the cooking-school, a more dignified note comes into the old song, "Le hasard seul fait tout," and destiny becomes more than the turn of a card. Once more Merriman's heavy, taciturn Englishman, who seems to see nothing yet sees the whole game, enters upon the scene in the bulky form of John Turner, banker in Paris, who fails just at the moment when funds are needed for the Royalists and recovers his financial footing with wonderful ease. The game is watched with keener zest as the man "who, if no Bonaparte, is a very plausible imitation of one," draws nearer the center of the board. To the young Louis it is a throne or a prison; to the man with small interests it is politics and "in a sense politics must always represent the game that is most attractive to the careful gambler. . . . The gambler who takes up a political career plays to win or not to win. He may jump up from the gutter and shout that he is the man of the moment, without offering any proof of his assertion beyond the loudness of a strident voice. And if no one listens to him he loses nothing but his breath."

From Farlingford back to Farlingford the story moves, with the bright young defiant figure of the steersman leading, wavering, defeated. "The Last Hope" is a good story bravely told, and for this and many another tale of derring-do the world that reads novels may thank Henry Seton Merriman. (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.)

The Browning Club for the coming season will devote itself to the study of Matthew Arnold. As usual there will be twelve meetings, held on alternate Wednesday evenings from October to April. Lectures will be delivered by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Professor W. J. Alexander, Hon. R. Harcourt, Professor D. R. Keys, Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland, Mr. John C. Saul, Professor John E. McFadyen, Principal Maurice Hutton and Professor Goldwin Smith. The last lecture will be of especial interest, as Professor Smith will give "Personal Recollections of Arnold."

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Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

W.B.G.—It is not a very satisfactory study. Your mind is diffuse and your nature susceptible. Influence strong and careful would probably rule you very thoroughly. Please progress a bit further before asking my opinion. It won't please you.

Clara.—A smart, capable, thoughtful and very obvious study. What's in is generally out with you, and elusiveness and obscurity bore and annoy you. You are frank, sensible, thorough and generally, but not invariably, discreet. Sympathy and courage are strong. Material things appeal most to you. Ambition is active and conservatism evident. If any straight work is to be done you are the one to do it quickly and well. You have sufficient culture to appreciate art and enough heart to love nature, but I don't credit you with aesthetic tendencies.

Stella.—Judging by your writing, composition and orthography, I should say decidedly not. Fancy a woman having won two scholarships and not knowing how to spell them. Please put the first "h" in for the future. I fancy that you, like so many other girls, have worse than wasted many precious hours at the piano. I know I did so, with the best intentions. March 25 brings you under Aries, a fire sign, which is capable of striking development. Frankly speaking, your writing is full of erratic and undeveloped suggestion and does not seem fit for delineation. I quite agree with your conviction that you are not adapted to be a music teacher.

A Barrister, etc.—You certainly pursue an idea to the bitter end. Your scintillating smartness of reply has completely dazzled and exhausted me. Please ring off! The March sign is Pisces, the fishes, and is a double, elusive, water sign, which sometimes develops a character at once likable and exasperating. I am glad you spank your children. I am sure they deserve it. What a pity the discipline is not comme il faut for older sinners. Further traits of the March people, which will only affect you if your birthday comes before the 21st (which somehow I misdoubt), are a vagrant curiosity, quick sensitiveness to blame or criticism, love of responsibility, and extreme personal modesty, and dislike of the coarse and vulgar. They sometimes brood over slights, and fancy the world very cruel and unsympathetic, suspect their friends, and grow melancholy and discouraged.

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IN a few weeks musical affairs will resume their wonted activity, and by the middle of October events may be expected to gallop apace. At present business with the professional community is exceedingly dull. Our societies are considering their programmes and the teachers are making efforts to re-assemble their clientele, which is always disorganized by the holiday season. I am not in a position yet to promise much for the coming season, but I can confidently predict a good series of orchestral concerts and more than usually liberal offerings of interesting works from local effort. There will be a slender contribution of grand opera in English, and perhaps a surfeit of comic opera and musical farces. A novelty which will be awaited with intelligent curiosity is Liszt's 13th Psalm, which the Mendelssohn Choir will sing. More than ordinary interest will attach to the performance because your up-to-date critic has come to the conclusion that Liszt is at his greatest in sacred music.

*

Mr. J. W. Baumann, the well-known violin teacher, has returned from the Georgian Bay, where he has passed a pleasant vacation. The trip has thoroughly re-established his health, and he will resume his teaching practice at his studio at Nordheimer's.

*

Mr. J. S. Duss, the "millionaire" conductor, has not yet decided upon his future course. He has already filled two engagements of many weeks each at Madison Square Garden, New York, as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, and made two extended tours with the same organization, with whom he visited Toronto while on tour. It is said that he has had many favorable offers for the coming season, both abroad and in the United States.

*

I hear that H. B. Smith and Gustave Kerker's musical farce, "The Billionaire," is underlined for production at the Princess Theater on the 24th prox. The book deals satirically with the supposed latest fad of the American millionaire, in being afraid to die rich. The music is said to be of more than average attractiveness of the American musical comedy.

*

Mr. Albert D. Jordan, organist of the First Methodist Church, London, Ont., gave a very enjoyable recital on the great organ of the Metropolitan Church last Thursday. His programme included Mendelssohn's organ sonato No. 1, "The Seraph's Strain," by Wolstenholme; Meyerbeer's "Coronation" march, Widor's Andante Cantabile and Toccata in F major, Hollins's intermezzo in D flat, and a transcription of the overture to "William Tell." In all of these Mr. Jordan displayed sound musicianly ability and a cultivated technique both of the manuals and pedals. He was assisted by Mr. Arthur Garthwaite, a London vocalist with a good bass voice, who made a favorable impression. It may be mentioned that Mr. Jordan has now been organist of the First Methodist Church, London, for two years and a half, and has already built up an excellent choir of sixty voices.

*

Mr. and Mrs. David Ross have returned from their vacation in the Old Country, and resumed teaching at their studio in the Mason & Risch piano warerooms.

*

I have never had the good fortune to hear any finer orchestra than that of Theodore Thomas, judged by the perfection of its technique, the variety and beauty of its tone effects and color, and the absolute fidelity with which it responds to the indications of its director. Mr. Charles E. Russell, a writer in "Everybody's Magazine," pays a well-deserved tribute to Mr. Thomas, who was the first to reveal to the United States and Canada what orchestral playing should be. He says: "For forty-two years this conductor, composer, innovator, student, philosopher, artist, and father of modern music on the Western continent, has been creating and leading great orchestras. For sixty-two years he has been before the public as an interpreter of good music. In his sixth year he was giving recitals on the violin; in his sixty-ninth the international world of music regards him as its dean. In 1862, when he became conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, America scarcely knew what an orchestra was; in 1904, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington, Chicago Minneapolis and other cities have great symphony orchestras founded on the Thomas model, following the Thomas ideals, acknowledging indebtedness to the Thomas inspiration. In 1891, when he organized the Chicago Orchestra it played at an annual loss of $100,000; in 1904 it has become self-sustaining in receipts, and the people have subscribed $750,000 to make it a permanent feature of the city." Mr. Russell goes on to say: "Mr. Thomas was the first orchestra leader in the world to introduce the low pitch, by which the orchestral tone has been so much dignified and improved. All have it now. He was the first to introduce the practice of 'bowing together' by which unison is secured. Nearly all 'bow together' now. He is the only orchestral leader that plays classic compositions with the trills and figure ornaments as originally written by the old masters. His is the only orchestra whose members have no other business (teaching aside) except the orchestra, and his is the only orchestra that regularly rehearses four times a week. In brief, his life has been resolutely consecrated to one object, the advancement of the cause of good music. He has brought good music into every corner of the world." Looking back some thirty years ago in the musical history of Toronto it seems strange, and is perhaps somewhat humiliating, to remember that Mr. Thomas and his orchestra once played here a magnificent programme to total receipts of sixty-two dollars!

*

Much curious information regarding the origin and development of military music in England is contained in H. G. Farmer's "Memoirs of the Royal Artillery Band," just issued by Messrs Boosey. He gives his opinion that the employment of the fife in the English armies was the first step towards the formation of the military band. The chief honors apparently were bestowed on the kettledrums and their players. Kettledrums were mounted in the seventeenth century on carriages; the kettledrummer was paid four shillings a day and his uniform cost no less than $250. The smart dressing of bandsmen was apparently considered important; in the eighteenth century it became the fashion to engage black men to play the percussion instruments, which included one formed of small bells hung on a crosspiece of a pole, and commonly known as "Jingling Johnnie." These musicians were dressed in extravagant Eastern style, with gorgeous slashed tunics, bright-colored loose jackets, and high feathered turbans.

*

After a year's trial of a new kind of harp which it was hoped would supersede the instrument now in use, the Paris Conservatory has concluded that the old style is better. This old-style harp is the one invented by Erard in 1820; it has pedals which enable the player to alter the pitch of a string by a semitone or two. The new harp does away with the pedals and increases the number of strings so that there is one for each semitone. But Pierre Salo writes in the "Temps" that it was shown at the Conservatory examination that its tone lacks the fulness, and has only half the strength, of the older instrument, and that it is more difficult to execute on it arpeggios, scales and repeated notes.

*

Miss Lina D. Adamson has resumed her classes for violin at the Conservatory of Music.

*

Mr. P. J. McAvay has just returned home from New York, and re-opened his classes on September 12. Mr. McAvay has been very successful in securing positions for a number of his pupils in light opera, and he says he can provide good permanent positions for pupils of fair voices.

Mr. H. S. Saunders, the violoncellist, whose portrait appears above, is well known as a soloist on the concert platform in Toronto and throughout Canada. Mr. Saunders has opened a teaching studio at his residence, No. 21 Harbord street, where he can be found by those desiring his services for concerts, musicales, etc., or as a teacher. Telephone North 638.

*

Mr. Frank C. Smith, violinist, has returned from his holidays on the Georgian Bay, and will resume teaching at his studio at the R. S. Williams & Sons Company, 143 Yonge street.

*

Miss Frances Harte, soloist of the First Presbyterian Church, Butte, Mont., returned home last week, after a two months' course of study under her former teacher, Mrs. Mildred Walker.

*

Musical comedy and musical farce seem to have as great a monopoly of theatrical entertainment in old London as in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Mr. William Archer, in his review of the last musical season in London, explains the fact as follows: "So far as London is concerned musical farce is a bounty-fed product. The rage for speculation in this class of entertainment seriously restricts the number of theaters available for non-musical drama, and sends rent up to exorbitant figures. Extravagantly-paid artists and lavish costumes and scenery bribe the public to desert the non-musical theaters and give their rivals an air of vast prosperity which is often purchased at a dead loss. Of course there is a good deal of wild speculation in non-musical drama as well, which is more or less harmful to legitimate and well-considered enterprise. But for one reason or another the bulk of the subsidy goes to musical productions, and the artificial competition thus engendered is a clogging handicap upon the non-musical theater." Mr. Archer does not wholly explain the reason for the prevalence of the musical play. He has not taken into account the fact that the public give practical evidence of preferring musical plays to the serious drama. Comic opera and musical farce may be subsidized occasionally, but it is absurd to suppose that managers and others would persist in producing either one or the other at a financial loss.

*

Although the official announcements have not yet been issued, one may say a word in advance about a most laudable enterprise, the Gourlay, Winter & Leeming soirees musicales to be given by local artists in the banquet-room of the King Edward Hotel the first Thursday in each month, from November to April. Anyone not familiar with the conditions under which the local musician struggles for artistic recognition can scarcely realize the importance of this move. Once a year the musician who has fitted himself for public appearance is prompted to announce a recital. Then begins a series of rebuffs, disappointments and worries, and by the time he reaches the platform he is too harassed and depressed to do himself justice. Relieved of these annoyances, with his self-respect intact, he will be more capable of measuring merit with the visiting artist. The list of artists engaged is not ready for publication, but Mr. R. S. Pigott is to have charge of the musicales for Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming.

*

Toronto's west-end institution, the Metropolitan School of Music, has begun its eleventh season, under the direction of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, with an enlarged coterie of well-equipped teachers. A very neat and well-arranged catalogue has been issued (for gratuitous distribution) which gives information regarding these teachers courses of study, fees, etc., and this can be obtained on application to the institution's secretary. Judging from the exceptional success which in the past has attended the efforts of the Metropolitan School of Music in the interests of musical art, it is a fair assumption that this season it will be busier than ever, and even as it is the management report the initial entries of pupils as being far in excess of all previous records at a corresponding time of year.

*

Miss Laura Gertrude Shildrick, contralto, has been engaged as one of the soloists for the Musical Festival to be held in Erie, Pa., on the 23rd and 24th of November.

CHERUBINO.

*

Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter of the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression, who has been enjoying a holiday season at Owen Sound, will return to the city on the 20th of this month, on and after which date appointments may be made for her at the Conservatory of Music.

*

Mr. Hamilton Macaulay, basso, of London, England, delighted the congregation at Elm Street Methodist Church last Sunday with the solo, "Promises of Life," by Cowen. Mr. Macaulay has a rich bass voice of good compass and sings with expression. He will be heard frequently during the coming winter, no doubt, at our local concerts.

*

The Misses Bertha and Ella Rogers of Bathurst street, well known for their success respectively on the musical and elocutionary platform, leave at the end of this week for London, England, and will there study under eminent masters. Their purpose is to remain for at least a year.

*

A Buffalo gentleman who was in Toronto last spring was so fascinated by the "sport of kings" as indulged in here, that he forthwith decided to be present at the Fall Race Meet. He was also delighted with a suit purchased from Levy Bros., corner of Scott and Colborne, and has written them to select a tweed from their fine stock and make it up, ready to try on when he arrives.

It happened at one of the banquets to the members of the International Press Congress. Commissioner De Olivarez of Argentine was ruefully regarding a beaver hat that had been crushed out of all resemblance to a hat. "Some one sat on it," he explained to his sympathizers.

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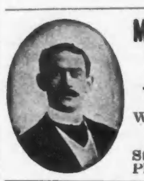

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SOCIETY

The marriage of Miss Mollie Casey, eldest daughter of Mrs. George E. Casey, and Mr. Basil Carter of Moose Jaw, son of Captain Carter of Quebec, was celebrated quietly in St. George's Church last Saturday, Rev. Canon Cayley officiating. Miss Casey was brought in and given away by her uncle, Mr. R. W. Biggar. The bride's gown was of ivory duchess satin with trimmings and bertha of old rose point. She wore a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried white roses. Her jewels were a pearl necklace, the gift of Captain and Mrs. Carter, and a turquoise bracelet, the gift of the groom. Miss Casey was attended by six maids—Miss Biggar, Miss Norah Casey, Miss Lily Carter, Miss Christobel Robinson, Miss Jean Biggar and Miss Jean Casey. Dr. Carter, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Mr. O. M. Biggar of Edmonton, Dr. J. Lyons Biggar of Tillsonburg, Mr. Fred C. Biggar, Mr. H. S. Strathy and Mr. J. T. Somerville. After the ceremony the relatives of the bride and groom bade them bon voyage on their wedding journey at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Simcoe street, the trip being down the St. Lawrence. The death of Colonel McLaren of Hamilton, whose daughter was to have been maid of honor, was so much regretted that the wedding festivities were not what had been arranged. Miss Mollie Casey made her debut in Toronto during the occupancy of Government House by his Honor Sir Oliver Mowat, under the chaperonage of her aunt Miss Mowat.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinch are back from their summer on the St. Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. Hollwey returned from Kennebunk recently. Mr. Walter of Norwich, England, is the guest of Mr. T. C. Patteson. Mrs. and Miss Carveth are back from Go Home Bay. Miss Carveth has quite recovered from her serious illness.

Tidings from Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn are not cheering as to the restoration of the latter to health. They will return to Toronto as originally intended, this month, if Mrs. Cockburn is well enough.

The president and directors of the Ontario Jockey Club will entertain visitors and friends at luncheon to-day at the Woodbine at a quarter past one. A special car leaves the Queen's at 12.30.

Mrs. Edmund Phillips has welcomed her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Munro, on a visit. Mrs. Munro is to spend the winter with her niece.

Miss Hilda Boulton is visiting Mrs. Larratt Smith at her Muskoka home. Miss Boulton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gilpin Brown, at Regina.

Over a score of years ago a party of what the natives called "Pennsylvania Dutch" instituted a camp in Muskoka. Since then the Pennsylvanians, especially some rich Pittsburgians, have settled for the summer in Canada's play-ground. Very prominent among these was Mr. Standish, whose death occurred at his Pittsburg home on September 13. He will be greatly missed and regretted by the Muskoka colony.

Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, the railway magnate, Mrs., Mr. and Miss Fitzhugh were in town for a brief visit this week, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Helliwell returned this week from their wedding trip and have taken apartments in Bloor street east.

Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Cawthra Mulock are returning shortly to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Boyd are spending some months with Mrs. Boyd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, 89 Glen road.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten are to spend the winter at the Arlington.

Visitors to the Exhibition who saw the very efficient service rendered by Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, son of Dr. Charles O'Reilly, at the hospital tent, will be interested, as are all his friends, in hearing of his appointment to the post of surgeon on the C. P. s.s. "Tartar." Dr. O'Reilly left this week for Vancouver, to sail on her next voyage.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis has returned from Newfoundland and is at Peregrine Hall, Maitland street.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout have returned from their summer cottage at Norway.

W. A. Murray & Company held their fall opening on Wednesday of this week, and very gorgeous indeed did the splendid big store look with handsome decorations of autumn foliage and myriads of electric bulbs, forming innumerable arches, through which could be seen a vista of richest and choicest displays. In every direction the eye was entranced with some beautiful coloring, rich sheen, or priceless lace.

The evening wraps are exceedingly handsome and won much admiring comment. Many elaborate designs are shown, a particularly striking one being in the new leather color of broadcloth, with trimmings in the same shade. Some kimono models were exceedingly graceful, and showed touches of exquisite embroideries.

Then in the fur garments, from the rare and almost priceless pelts to the more medium priced, the most capricious demands can be supplied. Fur continues to grow in favor, and is introduced in much of the handsome millinery. A stunning set of hat, cape, and bag of chinchilla was elaborately finished in black and white, leather bands applied sectionally on the cape; chenille fringe, large chenille buttons and chenille ornaments gave a rich finish. The hat of black chiffon velvet was closely studded on the under brim with the large chenille buttons, while a leather bandeau on the crown and black and white paradise plumes completed it. The bag, a very quaint affair, was of the fur and leather with chenille buttons as ornaments. Another fur set was of mink—toque and large baggy muff—bright green velvet and gold ornaments giving the note of color.

The silks are something to marvel over in coloring and weaves, as the soft effects have superseded all other weaves. All of the new silks consequently are exceedingly soft and of splendid wearing quality. It is to be a big silk season, as the silk gown is pre-eminent; the spot shows in the designs. While the three-color shot effect in coloring is very new, the chiffon taffeta and the chameleon chiffon taffeta are simply charming, and the dainty Dresdens and brocaded crepes de Chine for evening wear are equally lovely. The lace evening gown is shown in all of the fine makes in black and cream shades, and the exquisite real laces are more profusely used than ever.

Broadcloths are the dressy cloths of the season; all of the imported costumes come in the French broadcloths, and are elaborately embroidered. The deep ruffle effect is prominent, and small tucks above the hem are noticed; shirring abounds, and the skirts are long and full.

A Great Finish to a Great Parade.

One of the greatest displays in the Labor Day parade was that of the Dustless Method. Their four large brass-mounted wagons were much admired by the thousands along the line of parade.

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IN a few weeks musical affairs will resume their wonted activity, and by the middle of October events may be expected to gallop apace. At present business with the professional community is exceedingly dull. Our societies are considering their programmes and the teachers are making efforts to re-assemble their clientele, which is always disorganized by the holiday season. I am not in a position yet to promise much for the coming season, but I can confidently predict a good series of orchestral concerts and more than usually liberal offerings of interesting works from local effort. There will be a slender contribution of grand opera in English, and perhaps a surfeit of comic opera and musical farces. A novelty which will be awaited with intelligent curiosity is Liszt's 13th Psalm, which the Mendelssohn Choir will sing. More than ordinary interest will attach to the performance because your up-to-date critic has come to the conclusion that Liszt is at his greatest in sacred music.

*

Mr. J. W. Baumann, the well-known violin teacher, has returned from the Georgian Bay, where he has passed a pleasant vacation. The trip has thoroughly re-established his health, and he will resume his teaching practice at his studio at Nordheimer's.

*

Mr. J. S. Duss, the "millionaire" conductor, has not yet decided upon his future course. He has already filled two engagements of many weeks each at Madison Square Garden, New York, as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, and made two extended tours with the same organization, with whom he visited Toronto while on tour. It is said that he has had many favorable offers for the coming season, both abroad and in the United States.

*

I hear that H. B. Smith and Gustave Kerker's musical farce, "The Billionaire," is underlined for production at the Princess Theater on the 24th prox. The book deals satirically with the supposed latest fad of the American millionaire, in being afraid to die rich. The music is said to be of more than average attractiveness of the American musical comedy.

*

Mr. Albert D. Jordan, organist of the First Methodist Church, London, Ont., gave a very enjoyable recital on the great organ of the Metropolitan Church last Thursday. His programme included Mendelssohn's organ sonato No. 1, "The Seraph's Strain," by Wolstenholme; Meyerbeer's "Coronation" march, Widor's Andante Cantabile and Toccata in F major, Hollins's intermezzo in D flat, and a transcription of the overture to "William Tell." In all of these Mr. Jordan displayed sound musicianly ability and a cultivated technique both of the manuals and pedals. He was assisted by Mr. Arthur Garthwaite, a London vocalist with a good bass voice, who made a favorable impression. It may be mentioned that Mr. Jordan has now been organist of the First Methodist Church, London, for two years and a half, and has already built up an excellent choir of sixty voices.

*

Mr. and Mrs. David Ross have returned from their vacation in the Old Country, and resumed teaching at their studio in the Mason & Risch piano warerooms.

*

I have never had the good fortune to hear any finer orchestra than that of Theodore Thomas, judged by the perfection of its technique, the variety and beauty of its tone effects and color, and the absolute fidelity with which it responds to the indications of its director. Mr. Charles E. Russell, a writer in "Everybody's Magazine," pays a well-deserved tribute to Mr. Thomas, who was the first to reveal to the United States and Canada what orchestral playing should be. He says: "For forty-two years this conductor, composer, innovator, student, philosopher, artist, and father of modern music on the Western continent, has been creating and leading great orchestras. For sixty-two years he has been before the public as an interpreter of good music. In his sixth year he was giving recitals on the violin; in his sixty-ninth the international world of music regards him as its dean. In 1862, when he became conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, America scarcely knew what an orchestra was; in 1904, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington, Chicago, Minneapolis and other cities have great symphony orchestras founded on the Thomas model, following the Thomas ideals, acknowledging indebtedness to the Thomas inspiration. In 1891, when he organized the Chicago Orchestra, it played at an annual loss of $100,000; in 1904 it has become self-sustaining in receipts, and the people have subscribed $750,000 to make it a permanent feature of the city." Mr. Russell goes on to say: "Mr. Thomas was the first orchestra leader in the world to introduce the low pitch, by which the orchestral tone has been so much dignified and improved. All have it now. He was the first to introduce the practice of 'bowing together' by which unison is secured. Nearly all 'bow together' now. He is the only orchestral leader that plays classic compositions with the trills and figure ornaments as originally written by the old masters. His is the only orchestra whose members have no other business (teaching aside) except the orchestra, and his is the only orchestra that regularly rehearses four times a week. In brief, his life has been resolutely consecrated to one object, the advancement of the cause of good music. He has brought good music into every corner of the world." Looking back some thirty years ago in the musical history of Toronto it seems strange, and is perhaps somewhat humiliating, to remember that Mr. Thomas and his orchestra once played here a magnificent programme to total receipts of sixty-two dollars!

*

Much curious information regarding the origin and development of military music in England is contained in H. G. Farmer's "Memoirs of the Royal Artillery Band," just issued by Messrs Boosey. He gives his opinion that the employment of the fife in the English armies was the first step towards the formation of the military band. The chief honors apparently were bestowed on the kettledrums and their players. Kettledrums were mounted in the seventeenth century on carriages; the kettledrummer was paid four shillings a day and his uniform cost no less than $250. The smart dressing of bandsmen was apparently considered important; in the eighteenth century it became the fashion to engage black men to play the percussion instruments, which included one formed of small bells hung on a crosspiece of a pole, and commonly known as "Jingling Johnnie." These musicians were dressed in extravagant Eastern style, with gorgeous slashed tunics, bright-colored loose jackets, and high feathered turbans.

*

After a year's trial of a new kind of harp which it was hoped would supersede the instrument now in use, the Paris Conservatory has concluded that the old style is better. This old-style harp is the one invented by Erard in 1820; it has pedals which enable the player to alter the pitch of a string by a semitone or two. The new harp does away with the pedals and increases the number of strings so that there is one for each semitone. But Pierre Salo writes in the "Temps" that it was shown at the Conservatory examination that its tone lacks the fulness, and has only half the strength, of the older instrument, and that it is more difficult to execute on it arpeggios, scales and repeated notes.

*

Miss Lina D. Adamson has resumed her classes for violin at the Conservatory of Music.

*

Mr. P. J. McAvay has just returned home from New York, and re-opened his classes on September 12. Mr. McAvay has been very successful in securing positions for a number of his pupils in light opera, and he says he can provide good permanent positions for pupils of fair voices.

Mr. H. S. Saunders, the violoncellist, whose portrait appears above, is well known as a soloist on the concert platform in Toronto and throughout Canada. Mr. Saunders has opened a teaching studio at his residence, No. 21 Harbord street, where he can be found by those desiring his services for concerts, musicales, etc., or as a teacher. Telephone North 638.

*

Mr. Frank C. Smith, violinist, has returned from his holidays on the Georgian Bay, and will resume teaching at his studio at the R. S. Williams & Sons Company, 143 Yonge street.

*

Miss Frances Harte, soloist of the First Presbyterian Church, Butte, Mont., returned home last week, after a two months' course of study under her former teacher, Mrs. Mildred Walker.

*

Musical comedy and musical farce seem to have as great a monopoly of theatrical entertainment in old London as in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Mr. William Archer, in his review of the last musical season in London, explains the fact as follows: "So far as London is concerned musical farce is a bounty-fed product. The rage for speculation in this class of entertainment seriously restricts the number of theaters available for non-musical drama, and sends rent up to exorbitant figures. Extravagantly-paid artists and lavish costumes and scenery bribe the public to desert the non-musical theaters and give their rivals an air of vast prosperity which is often purchased at a dead loss. Of course there is a good deal of wild speculation in non-musical drama as well, which is more or less harmful to legitimate and well-considered enterprise. But for one reason or another the bulk of the subsidy goes to musical productions, and the artificial competition thus engendered is a clogging handicap upon the non-musical theater." Mr. Archer does not wholly explain the reason for the prevalence of the musical play. He has not taken into account the fact that the public give practical evidence of preferring musical plays to the serious drama. Comic opera and musical farce may be subsidized occasionally, but it is absurd to suppose that managers and others would persist in producing either one or the other at a financial loss.

*

Although the official announcements have not yet been issued, one may say a word in advance about a most laudable enterprise, the Gourlay, Winter & Leeming soirees musicales to be given by local artists in the banquet-room of the King Edward Hotel the first Thursday in each month, from November to April. Anyone not familiar with the conditions under which the local musician struggles for artistic recognition can scarcely realize the importance of this move. Once a year the musician who has fitted himself for public appearance is prompted to announce a recital. Then begins a series of rebuffs, disappointments and worries, and by the time he reaches the platform he is too harassed and depressed to do himself justice. Relieved of these annoyances, with his self-respect intact, he will be more capable of measuring merit with the visiting artist. The list of artists engaged is not ready for publication, but Mr. R. S. Pigott is to have charge of the musicales for Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming.

*

Toronto's west-end institution, the Metropolitan School of Music, has begun its eleventh season, under the direction of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, with an enlarged coterie of well-equipped teachers. A very neat and well-arranged catalogue has been issued (for gratuitous distribution) which gives information regarding these teachers courses of study, fees, etc., and this can be obtained on application to the institution's secretary. Judging from the exceptional success which in the past has attended the efforts of the Metropolitan School of Music in the interests of musical art, it is a fair assumption that this season it will be busier than ever, and even as it is the management report the initial entries of pupils as being far in excess of all previous records at a corresponding time of year.

*

Miss Laura Gertrude Shildrick, contralto, has been engaged as one of the soloists for the Musical Festival to be held in Erie, Pa., on the 23rd and 24th of November.

CHERUBINO.

*

Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter of the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression, who has been enjoying a holiday season at Owen Sound, will return to the city on the 20th of this month, on and after which date appointments may be made for her at the Conservatory of Music.

*

Mr. Hamilton Macaulay, basso, of London, England, delighted the congregation at Elm Street Methodist Church last Sunday with the solo, "Promises of Life," by Cowen. Mr. Macaulay has a rich bass voice of good compass and sings with expression. He will be heard frequently during the coming winter, no doubt, at our local concerts.

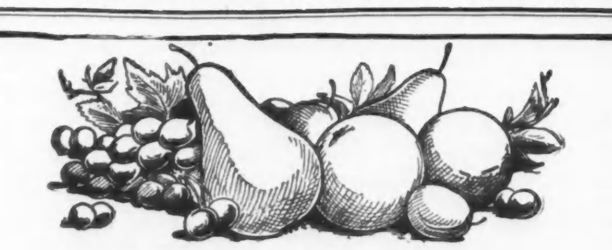
*

The Misses Bertha and Ella Rogers of Bathurst street, well known for their success respectively on the musical and elocutionary platform, leave at the end of this week for London, England, and will there study under eminent masters. Their purpose is to remain for at least a year.

A Buffalo gentleman who was in Toronto last spring was so fascinated by the "sport of kings" as indulged in here, that he forthwith decided to be present at the Fall Race Meet. He was also delighted with a suit purchased from Levy Bros., corner of Scott and Colborne, and has written them to select a tweed from their fine stock and make it up, ready to try on when he arrives.

It happened at one of the banquets to the members of the International Press Congress. Commissioner De Olivarez of Argentine was ruefully regarding a beaver hat that had been crushed out of all resemblance to a hat. "Some one sat on it," he explained to his sympathizers.

"Cheer up!" said Sir Hugh Gilzean-Read, the Scotch editor. "Suppose you had had it on at the time!"



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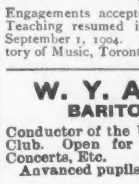

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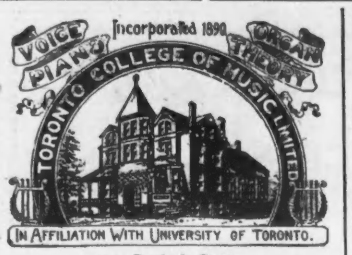

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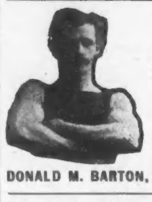

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SOCIETY

The marriage of Miss Mollie Casey, eldest daughter of Mrs. George E. Casey, and Mr. Basil Carter of Moose Jaw, son of Captain Carter of Quebec, was celebrated quietly in St. George's Church last Saturday, Rev. Canon Cayley officiating. Miss Casey was brought in and given away by her uncle, Mr. R. W. Biggar. The bride's gown was of ivory duchess satin with trimmings and bertha of old rose point. She wore a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried white roses. Her jewels were a pearl necklace, the gift of Captain and Mrs. Carter, and a turquoise bracelet, the gift of the groom. Miss Casey was attended by six maids—Miss Biggar, Miss Norah Casey, Miss Lily Carter, Miss Christobel Robinson, Miss Jean Biggar and Miss Jean Casey. Dr. Carter, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Mr. O. M. Biggar of Edmonton, Dr. J. Lyons Biggar of Tillsonburg, Mr. Fred C. Biggar, Mr. H. S. Strathy and Mr. J. T. Somerville. After the ceremony the relatives of the bride and groom bade them bon voyage on their wedding journey at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Simcoe street, the trip being down the St. Lawrence. The death of Colonel McLaren of Hamilton, whose daughter was to have been maid of honor, was so much regretted that the wedding festivities were not what had been arranged. Miss Mollie Casey made her debut in Toronto during the occupancy of Government House by his Honor Sir Oliver Mowat, under the chaperonage of her aunt Miss Mowat.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Clinch are back from their summer on the St. Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. Hollwey returned from Kennebunk recently. Mr. Walter of Norwich, England, is the guest of Mr. T. C. Patteson. Mrs. and Miss Carveth are back from Go Home Bay. Miss Carveth has quite recovered from her serious illness.

*

Tidings from Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn are not cheering as to the restoration of the latter to health. They will return to Toronto as originally intended, this month, if Mrs. Cockburn is well enough.

*

The president and directors of the Ontario Jockey Club will entertain visitors and friends at luncheon to-day at the Woodbine at a quarter past one. A special car leaves the Queen's at 12.30.

*

Mrs. Edmund Phillips has welcomed her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Munro, on a visit. Mrs. Munro is to spend the winter with her niece.

*

Miss Hilda Boulton is visiting Mrs. Larratt Smith at her Muskoka home. Miss Boulton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gilpin Brown, at Regina.

*

Over a score of years ago a party of what the natives called "Pennsylvania Dutch" instituted a camp in Muskoka. Since then the Pennsylvanians, especially some rich Pittsburgians, have settled for the summer in Canada's play-ground. Very prominent among these was Mr. Standish, whose death occurred at his Pittsburg home on September 13. He will be greatly missed and regretted by the Muskoka colony.

*

Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, the railway magnate, Mrs., Mr. and Miss Fitzhugh were in town for a brief visit this week, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordan.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Helliwell returned this week from their wedding trip and have taken apartments in Bloor street east.

*

Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Cawthra Mulock are returning shortly to Toronto.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Boyd are spending some months with Mrs. Boyd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, 89 Glen road.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten are to spend the winter at the Arlington.

*

Visitors to the Exhibition who saw the very efficient service rendered by Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, son of Dr. Charles O'Reilly, at the hospital tent, will be interested, as are all his friends, in hearing of his appointment to the post of surgeon on the C. P. s.s. "Tartar." Dr. O'Reilly left this week for Vancouver, to sail on her next voyage.

*

Mrs. Salter Jarvis has returned from Newfoundland and is at Peregrine Hall, Maitland street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout have returned from their summer cottage at Norway.

W. A. Murray & Company held their fall opening on Wednesday of this week, and very gorgeous indeed did the splendid big store look with handsome decorations of autumn foliage and myriads of electric bulbs, forming innumerable arches, through which could be seen a vista of richest and choicest displays. In every direction the eye was entranced with some beautiful coloring, rich sheen, or priceless lace.

The evening wraps are exceedingly handsome and won much admiring comment. Many elaborate designs are shown, a particularly striking one being in the new leather color of broadcloth, with trimmings in the same shade. Some kimono models were exceedingly graceful, and showed touches of exquisite embroideries.

Then in the fur garments, from the rare and almost priceless pelts to the more medium priced, the most capricious demands can be supplied. Fur continues to grow in favor, and is introduced in much of the handsome millinery. A stunning set of hat, cape, and bag of chinchilla was elaborately finished in black and white, leather bands applied sectionally on the cape; chenille fringe, large chenille buttons and chenille ornaments gave a rich finish. The hat of black chiffon velvet was closely studded on the under brim with the large chenille buttons, while a leather bandeau on the crown and black and white paradise plumes completed it. The bag, a very quaint affair, was of the fur and leather with chenille buttons as ornaments. Another fur set was of mink—toque and large baggy muff—bright green velvet and gold ornaments giving the note of color.

The silks are something to marvel over in coloring and weaves, as the soft effects have superseded all other weaves. All of the new silks consequently are exceedingly soft and of splendid wearing quality. It is to be a big silk season, as the silk gown is pre-eminent; the spot shows in the designs. While the three-color shot effect in coloring is very new, the chiffon taffeta and the chameleon chiffon taffeta are simply charming, and the dainty Dresdens and brocaded crepes de Chine for evening wear are equally lovely. The lace evening gown is shown in all of the fine makes in black and cream shades, and the exquisite real laces are more profusely used than ever.

Broadcloths are the dressy cloths of the season; all of the imported costumes come in the French broadcloths, and are elaborately embroidered. The deep ruffle effect is prominent, and small tucks above the hem are noticed; shirring abounds, and the skirts are long and full.

A Great Finish to a Great Parade.

One of the greatest displays in the Labor Day parade was that of the Dustless Method. Their four large brass-mounted wagons were much admired by the thousands along the line of parade.

This method of cleaning carpets, etc., without removal, has become a great boon to the thrifty housewife, and we would advise any that has not tried this method to do so, as it removes all the worry and trouble of house-cleaning.

Call them up by 'Phone Main 1413 and get full particulars on Compressed Air House Cleaning, or drop a card to the office, 59 and 61 Victoria street.

St. Catharines Well.

In St. Catharines, the Garden City of Canada, eleven miles from Niagara Falls, on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway, is situated the historic St. Catharines Well, about which is woven many a romantic Indian legend, and whose curative properties are known far and wide throughout North America. The water of this famous Saline Well is considerably denser than sea water, but clear, sparkling and odorless, and is remarkable for its penetrative qualities.

These waters are a great specific for such diseases as rheumatism, gout, scrofula, neuralgia, liver troubles, skin diseases and cases of nervous prostration, or as a tonic pure and simple. The treatment is conducted on the broadest possible lines, the idea being to assist nature as much as possible. The use of these waters is the chief remedial agent, accompanied by static electricity, massage, exercise and rest. All treatment is in charge of house physicians. The baths are in a separate building, connected with main building by a glass-covered corridor.

Full information, descriptive matter, and all particulars may be had on application to Grand Trunk office, Toronto.

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High-Class Home Decorators
A Society of Experts

THE UNITED ARTS & CRAFTS, LIMITED.
STUDIO, SUITES № 32, 33, 34 LAWLOR BUILDING
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Dancing and Physical Culture

The Metropolitan School of Dancing, Limited.
STUDIO—
249 COLLEGE STREET, Between Spadina and Huron.

NOW OPEN For the Reception of PUPILS

Juvenile Classes from Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6 at 4 o'clock.

Select Evening Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen NOW FORMING.

Private lessons by appointment.

All classes and lessons under the personal direction of MR. M. J. SAGE.

Studio may be rented for small At Homes, Receptions, etc.

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Carpets, Tapestry, Billiard Tables, Pianos and uphosthered furniture are thoroughly cleaned in your own home by Compressed Air. The Dustless Method is quick, sanitary and effective. Phone Main 1413 or post card to

Ontario Compressed Air Dustless House Cleaning Company Limited.
59-61 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO.

The Next Book to Read
THE MYSTERY OF MIRIAM
By J. WESLEY JOHNSTON, Author of "Dwellers in Gotham."

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY:

"'The Mystery of Miriam' is one of the most enjoyable and best balanced books I have read for some time."—Toronto "Saturday Night."

"We fully expect that this book by the author of 'Dwellers in Gotham' will prove to be the most successful novel of the autumn season. We predict a signal success for the novel."—Montreal "Star."

PAPER 75C. CLOTH, $1.25.

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Autumn Meeting
SEPTEMBER 17-24

Racing and Steeplechasing

Admission to Grand Stand, $1.00.

A Regimental Band Daily on the lawn.

WM. HENDRIE, President. W. P. FRASER, Sec'y Treas.

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Daylight Developing AT POTTER'S

Call and see the newest thing in developing your Kodak films without the use of a dark room. We will be pleased to show it to you and explain its working.

C. B. PETRY, Proprietor.

A booklet containing 32 views of the Hudson River will be sent to any address free, postpaid, on receipt of five cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, general passenger agent New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, New York.

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THE TORONTO VIAVI CO.
SUITE L, CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, CAN.
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Race Visitors, Spend a Night at Cook's.

Visitors to the city should spend a night at Cook's Turkish Baths. Enjoy an invigorating Turkish bath and a refreshing sleep in a cozy, quiet sleeping-room—costs less than first-class hotel accommodation without a Turkish Bath.

An appetizing supper served in the cooling rooms.

Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during the day, or all night, including bed, $1.00.

Cook's Turkish Baths
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Electric Baths

purify and cool the blood, producing a delightful feeling of exhilaration. During the warm weather you can have nothing better I treat women and children only.

Florence M. Welch
Medical Electrician
Bank of Hamilton Chambers
Northeast corner Queen and Spadina.
Phone Main 1509.

OUR SPECIALS.

Business Suits, $22.50
Overcoats, $22.50
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WRITE US on a postal card for samples and self-measurement form.

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City Dairy

City Dairy milk and cream are as clean and pure as conscientious care and effort can make them. We use no coloring matter or thickener to make them appear rich—no preservative to keep them sweet—not anything to deceive the public.

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CITY DAIRY
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The Emporium of Superb
Oriental Rugs

We are adding to our elegant stock by new shipments which are arriving direct from Persia and Constantinople every week. We cordially invite our patrons to make their selections early while our assortment is so complete.

Special attention given to mail orders.

Courian, Babayan & Co.,
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Superfluous Hair
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers. DE MIRACLE is not. It is the only method which is indorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet will will be sent free, in plain, sealed envelope.

Your money back without question if it fails to do all that is claimed for it.

DE MIRACLE mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, on receipt of $1. Write for it to-day to DE MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 23 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, or

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Exclusive Designs in Ladies' Shirt Waist Costumes

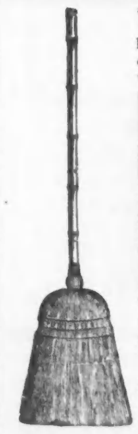
Walking Skirts and Waists

New importations just arrived

Write for samples.

MacKay
101 Yonge St., 4 Doors South of Adelaide St.

THE BEST housekeepers insist on being supplied with



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because they are superior in every particular to the ordinary make.

If you are not aware of their good qualities be sure and specify them when ordering from your dealer.

United Factories, Limited
Head Office—Toronto.

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September is the Most Lovely Month in the Year

BEAUMARIS HOTEL

will be open till the 30th.
Send for Booklet.

MILFORD BAY HOUSE, MUSKOKA LAKE ONTARIO. First-class in all its appointments. Post and Telegraph Offices on premises. Modern sanitary improvements. No hay fever. Fine Sandy Beach for Bathing. Fine spring of pure water, eradicates malaria. Steam Yacht in connection with hotel. Good Fishing. Furnished Cottages to Let Boats and Canoes for hire. Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Swings, Quoits, etc. Grand Piano. Lit with Acetylene Gas. Room for 100 guests. Terms, $8 to $10 per week. $1.50 to $2.00 per day. Write R. STROUD, Proprietor, as above, for folder

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For sale by all Shoedealers.

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Matinees Daily, 25. WEEK SEPT. 19 Evenings 25 & 50

The Musical Treat of the Season
Six Musical Cuttys
The World's Greatest Family of Musicians.
JAMES H. CULLEN
The Man from the West.
BLOCKSOM & BURNS
Eccentric Grotesques.
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Eccentric Comedians.
ED. F. REYNARD
and his Mechanical Figures.
LA BELLE BLANCHE
America's Clever Mimic.
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All New Views.
SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION
Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher
Presenting the "Half-Way House."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Week Starting Monday, SEPT. 19

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

THE DELIGHTFUL OPERA COMIQUE
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Princess Chic

Book by KIRKE LA SHELLE. Music by JULIAN EDWARDS.

50-PEOPLE IN THE CAST-50

R & O Richelieu Ontario Nav Co **Ticket Office, 2 KING ST. E.**

Toronto-Montreal Line

Steamers Toronto and Kingston

3 P.M. Daily (except Sunday) Steamers leave Toronto for Montreal and intermediate points. On and after Monday, Sept. 19th, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, last Steamer leaving Saturday Oct. 1, 1904.

"Hamilton-Montreal Line."

7.30 P.M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte Ports, Montreal and intermediate ports.

Low Rates on this line.

Saturday-to-Monday Excursion

3 P.M. every Saturday, Charlotte, Kingston, 1000 Islands, Brockville and Prescott, arriving in Toronto Monday, 6 45 a.m. Last excursion of season Saturday, Oct. 1, 1904.

Tickets and further information, apply to R. & O. Agents, or write
H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,
Western Passenger Agent, Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS

Going Sept. 22, 23 and 24th.

Detroit	$ 6.60	Columbus	$11.55
Pt. Huron	5.10	Dayton	12.15
Chicago	12.40	Indianapolis	13.75
Saginaw	7.40	Cincinnati	13.90
Bay City	7.50	Grand Rapids	9.35

Cleveland via Buffalo and C. & B. Steamers, $6.35; via Lake Shore, $8.15; via Nickel Plate, $7.40. Cleveland via Detroit and D. & C. Steamers, $9.10; via Lake Shore, 11.10.

St. Paul or Minneapolis via Chicago or North Bay, $35.40; via N. N. Co., $38.90.

All tickets valid returning until October 10.

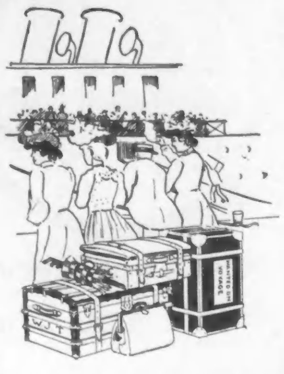
World's Fair St. Louis $19.20 Round Trip

Through Tourist Sleeper leaves Toronto each Friday on World's Fair Express at 8 a.m.

Rate for Double Berth, $2.00.

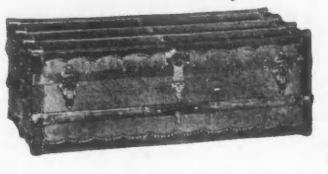
Through Pullman Sleepers are also run daily at 8.00 a.m. and 4.40 p.m.

For Tickets, illustrated literature and full information call at City Office, North-west corner King and Yonge Streets, or Phone Main 4209.



Steamer Trunks FOR ALL KINDS OF TRAVEL

We carry in stock fifteen different qualities and in size from 32 inches up to 40 inches.
Prices from $3.50 to $29.00.



CATALOGUE "S" is mailed free. All the leading lines of Traveling and Leather Goods we make. We pay express charges in Ontario.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 King St. West, Toronto.

"There is no art that is bad; the trouble is that there are bad artists."

CONLAN BROS.

HAVE ESTABLISHED A REPUTATION FOR
Artistic Decorations

Our line of this season's Wall-papers is artistic and reasonable in price, ranging from 10c. per roll to the most expensive hanging manufactured.

We Stock and Import : : : : French, German and American Hangings

Upon application we decorate throughout any class of interior and are always pleased to furnish estimates and sketches.

SATURDAY NIGHT BLDG.
Studio Phone M. 4031. 28 Adelaide West Residence Phone N. 1899

"I had no idea so good a piano was manufactured in Canada."—ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM.

A truly great artist will use only a truly great piano. This is true of the

Heintzman & CO. PIANO

(Made by Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co.)

Used by pianists of greatest note, and who declare it the most artistic and tuneful piano made in Canada. It is a piano that measures up to every demand.

PIANO SALON—115-117 King St. West, Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Special Excursions
FROM TORONTO TO

Detroit	$ 6.60	Grand Rapids	$ 9.35
Bay City	7.50	Saginaw	7.40
Chicago	12.40	Columbus	11.60
Dayton	12.20	Indianapolis	13.80
Cincinnati	13.90		

Cleveland $6.35 to $11.10, according to route.
St. Paul and *Minneapolis* $35.40 or $38.90, according to route.
Good going Sept. 22, 23 and 24; returning until Oct. 10th, 1904.
$7.85 OTTAWA and return, Sept. 16, 17, 18, 19, 21 and 24.
5.50 OTTAWA and return, on 20th, 22nd, and 23rd. All tickets good returning until Sept. 26th.

ST. LOUIS AND RETURN FROM TORONTO
$19.20

With Stop-over at Canadian points, Detroit and Chicago.

THROUGH SLEEPER
leaves Toronto for ST. LOUIS at 7.55 p.m.
DAILY.

Tickets and full particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents, or A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

Offices To Let

Two nice rooms on ground floor of "Saturday Night" Building. Terms moderate.

APPLY TO
Sheppard Pub. Co.
Limited
26-28 Adelaide Street West

UNITARIAN CHURCH
Jarvis Street, above Wilton Avenue.

Sunday morning service at eleven o'clock. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A.

A cordial invitation extended to all—seats free. No evening service.

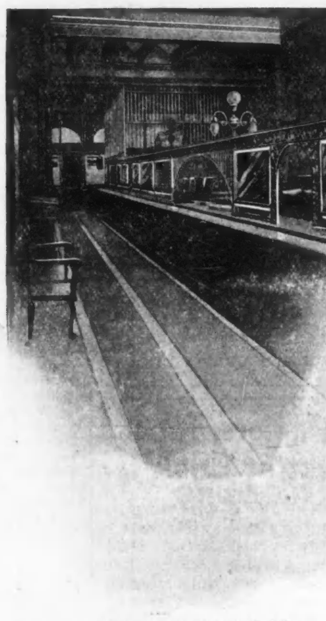
Unitarian literature may be had free on application to Mrs. Thompson, 308 Jarvis street, Toronto.

A Credit to Canada.

AN all-too-prevalent idea throughout Canada is that which has as its basis the opinion that all good things, in the way of printed matter at least, come from across the border line. Of late years various Canadian concerns have made successful attempts to shatter this illusion, but few of these attempts have been quite so praiseworthy as that exemplified in a charmingly designed and beautifully executed booklet recently issued by the Toronto office of the National Trust Company, Limited. The illustrations—a few of which are shown on this page—are in this booklet so tastefully arranged and so splendidly produced as to give the reader that feeling of genuine pleasure which is associated with the beautiful in books, and which is but seldom aroused by the perusal of commercial publications.

Head Office, Toronto.

Apart from its æsthetic value, this book—which may be had from the National Trust Company on request—is really a great assistance to all who are now, or ever may be, in need of the services of a trust company. In a most concise and definite manner are set forth the principal features of this well known financial institution. Among other points it is interesting to note the great strength of the company as indicated by the fact of its having a paid-up capital of a million dollars and a reserve and undivided profits of three hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars; which combined sum forms the security which the company offers for the proper discharge of whatever duties are entrusted to its care.



Interior of Montreal Office.

Another indication of the strength and reliability of the National Trust is afforded by the list of directors, in which are found the names of some twenty of the most prominent men in the financial and commercial life of Canada.

The exceptionally fine equipment of the company, both as regards office appointments and vault accommodation, is impressed upon the reader by a glance through the pages of this artistic little book. It is also learned therein that these facilities are by no means confined to one establishment, but extend through the National Trust Company's offices at Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Edmonton. Few institutions of the kind are in a position to offer their patrons anything like such efficient service as this Company.

Safety Deposit Vault Door.

The book under review effectually answers that oft-repeated though really out-of-date question, "What does a trust company do?" To put it very briefly, the scope of the National Trust Company may be said to include principally the following duties: Acting as administrator; executor and trustee under will; accepting trusts of every description; also taking deposits in trust, paying interest at 3½ per cent. per annum.

Appealing as it does to the business sense of the public, the trust company, as an institution, is becoming more and more widely favored, and its extension and increasing popularity is in no small measure due to the enterprise and modern methods displayed by the National Trust Company.

Exterior of Winnipeg Office.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Titus Robinson entertained at her pretty home, 124 Bedford road, Saturday afternoon, from 5 to 8 o'clock, the raison d'etre being the coming out of the second daughter of the house, Miss Bessie. The date was chosen as being the 25th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's wedding day. Miss Robinson, assisted by Misses Piper, Greenwood and Secord, did the honors of the tea-room, which was daintily decorated with crimson dahlias. Among the two hundred guests were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Secord, Rev. John Davenport, Dr. Withrow, Mrs. and Miss Hogaboom, Miss Elliott of Winnipeg, Miss Parsons and Dr. Hazard.

Mrs. H. Howard Shaver will receive the second and fourth Tuesdays in each month at 401 Huron street.

Miss Mae Dickenson, 607 Sherbourne street, left on Saturday last for a trip up the Lakes.

Miss Mazo de la Roche has returned to the "Studio" in Indian road, after a month's sojourn at Point au Baril, Georgian Bay.

The Cygnus Club opened their season by holding the first dance at Sunnyside on Friday evening, September 9, which was a great success.

Miss Daisy Smallpeice of South Parkdale has returned home from a six weeks' visit to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McCuaig and two sons of Montreal, Mr. F. F. Telfer of Collingwood, Mr. J. W. Stagg of Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Parker, Dr. Parker of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wilson of Fergus, Mr. and Mrs. Larke of Colborne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wade, Mrs. F. Simpson of Toronto, Mrs. R. Z. Rogers of Grafton, Mrs. Probasco, Miss Probasco of Cincinnati, Mrs. and Miss Rice of Memphis, Mr. and Mrs. McLelland of Three Rivers, General Whitside, Miss Whitside, Mrs. and Miss Darr, General and Mrs. De Russy of Washington, D.C., Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Habliston of Richmond, Va., and Mrs. and Miss Tanner of Waubaushene, are among guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

The engagement is announced of Miss Moneta (Neta) Nelson, niece of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Drake of Charles street, Toronto, and Major Frank W. Fisher of the Victoria Rifles of Canada, Montreal. The wedding is fixed for an early date in November.

Miss N. A. Brown of Markham street has returned home from an extended trip abroad.

Miss Beatrice Hagarty is going abroad shortly to study.

On Wednesday evening the Seagram-Buchanan wedding bridesmaids and ushers had a merry theater party at Shea's. Mr. and Mrs. Seagram had a party of friends there also.

Mrs. R. Percy Sherris and her mother, Mrs. Denroche, have returned to town after a few weeks' visit at Cliffdene, Lake of Bays.

Mrs. Starr, nee Hardy, is with her mother, Mrs. Hardy, on a visit, and was a guest at her cousin Miss Buchanan's wedding on Wednesday.

Miss May Curry and Miss Inez Curry have gone to London for a short visit.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Lillian Clara Butcher, daughter of Mr. Nelson R. Butcher, and Mr. Eldridge Stanton, jr. The ceremony takes place in the Cowan Avenue Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, September 21, at 3 o'clock.

Sir William and Lady Meredith, Mr. Jack Meredith and Miss Hellmuth have returned from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson, who came to Toronto the other day, went on for ten days' shooting to Winnipeg.

Mrs. Pierson of 310 Lake Front, Center Island, has had the following list of guests staying with her during the summer months: Mr. Sidney H. Lee and family, Mr. Percy Eby and family, Mr. T. B. Clark and family, Mr. Fred Leach of the Bank of Toronto and family, Mr. John Irwin of the City Hall and family, Mrs. Rowley and family of Calgary, Mrs. Johnston and daughters of Collingwood and many others. Mrs. Pierson has now taken the house lately occupied by Mrs. J. D. King, of 428 Jarvis street, and will be prepared to receive guests for the winter months on or about the 1st of October.

Miss Annie J. Proctor of the Metropolitan School of Music returned to the city on Saturday after spending a delightful vacation at Peak's Island, Maine, and New York. Miss Proctor resumes teaching this week.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Bowman—Sept. 14, Toronto, Mrs. S. L. Bowman, a son.
Burnham—Sept. 14, Toronto, Mrs. J. G. Burnham, a son.
Despard—Sept. 12, Oshawa, Mrs. Walter P. Despard, a son.
Deverell—Sept. 9, Toronto, Mrs. A. D. Deverell, a daughter.
Dunbar—Sept. 13, Toronto, Mrs. F. E. Dunbar, a daughter.
Gibson—Sept. 9, Grimsby, Mrs. J. H. Gibson, a daughter.
McCrae—Sept. 9, Toronto, Mrs. Andrew J. McCrae, a son.
Owens—Sept. 14, Oshawa, Mrs. J. P. Owens, a son.
Purinton—Sept. 13, Toronto, Mrs. L. L. Purinton, a daughter.
Young—Sept. 11, Toronto, Mrs. Ralph E. Young, a daughter.

Marriages

Pirie—Gibson—On Wednesday, Sept. 7th, 1904, by the Rev. W. A. Bradley, at the residence of F. Colquhoun, Esq., Waterloo, Charles N. Pirie, of Costa Rica, C.A., to Jemima Douglas Gibson, youngest daughter of Mrs. James Gibson, Berlin, Ont.
Garner—Beynon—Sept. 14, Toronto, Edith Maude Beynon to Alexander Z. Garner.
Megill—Jemmett—Sept. 13, Westboro, Margaret Jemmett to W. H. I. Megill.
Nichol—Douglas—Sept. 14, Hornby, Margaret Mae Douglas to William J. Nichol.
Seagram—Buchanan—Sept. 14, Toronto, Gladys May Buchanan to Norman Seagram.

Deaths

Barron—Sept. 12, St. Michael's Hospital, John Barron, aged 30 years.
Boomer—Sept. 13, Toronto, James Boomer, aged 55 years.
Checkley—Sept. 12, Napanee, Rev. Francis Lambert Checkley, aged 73 years.
Cook—Sept. 13, Toronto, Melvin Russell Cook, aged 59 years.
Healy—Sept. 11, Toronto, Patrick Healy, aged 74 years.
Sutherland—Sept. 12, Lake Winnipeg Beach, Lorna Ross Sutherland, aged 9 years and 6 months.

The Guarantee of Quality.

REG° TRADE MARK "Cravenette" PROOFED BY THE "Cravenette" Co. Ltd.

Every yard of Cravenette bears this trade mark. It distinguishes the genuine from the imitation. Look for the proof of Cravenette—the stamp shown above.
Sold by leading dealers.

"GET ALL THE GOOD OUT OF A FUR GARMENT BY BUYING ONE WITH ALL THE GOOD IN IT."

CHINCHILLA.

The Chinchilla is a native of South America, inhabiting districts in Chili, Bolivia and Peru, with altitudes above 8,000 feet. It lives in burrows, is similar in size to the ordinary squirrel—measuring ten inches in length, exclusive of the tail. The fur is very soft and dense, of a spotted slate gray color with an under-tint of dusky white. It is hunted by natives, who employ weasels to advantage.

BARONESS.

This fur has recently become so popular with fashionable women the world over that the complete extermination of the Chinchilla is threatened. This serious problem the Governments of the South American Republics are trying to solve by pressing strict hunting regulations. The result naturally is that Chinchilla fur is steadily rising in price.

Chinchilla is used for full garments and for trimming of Jackets of Persian Lamb and Alaska Seal.

To see the possibilities of this you should visit our showrooms.

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LIMITED
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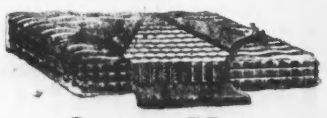
WM. M. HALL
BARRISTER
OFFICE—28 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

The Marshall



Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of **Delighted users** testify as to its **Comfortable, Healthy** and **Durable** qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

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The Leading Undertaker
359 Yonge Street Phone M. 679.

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Undertaker
343 YONGE STREET. Phone Main 932